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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Skunk Cabbage

THE first white Americans had the greatest opportunity since Adam's for the naming of new and beautiful creations of evolutionary nature, but fancy did not follow them across the water. They were as heavy tongued as they were heavy handed.

In the marshes by their huts, before the first peepers piped, bold emerald spearheads in companies thrust through the mould, pointing at the April sun. The quick fertility of the New England Spring was in these robust barbarians that tore upward through the forest carpet, and when the scarlet buds on the swamp maples flecked the black pools with crimson, they had become trumpets shouting green strident laughter at the pale skies. They called them skunk cabbages! As a royal palm looks like a feather duster so these lush scrolls may have looked like cabbages, and their crushed leaves had the raucous smell of musk; yet a thousand sonnets died in that misnomer.

A bare knoll in April sun, decked with rose-white little lilies afloat on bending stems, so delicate that at a touch they bleed and wilt, so ephemeral that they live only between last cold and early warmth. There is no such flower for moralizing, no better epitome of northern Spring. They named it blood root!

On the moist wood slopes where shrubbery blossoms are out but the trees are still severe, ten thousand tongues like pointed heads of spotted snakes make a soft footway where the April wanderer can step without frightening the shy arriving birds. Tiny rockets bursting into gold on the downward curve hang in hundreds above the leaves, and when the wind blows the bed flares into brilliance, but on the lull each pointed bell droops on its stem. To this delicate blend of strangeness and beauty they gave a name—dog-tooth violet.

Dogs, indeed, were more favored than men or gods. The vagrant wild apples that fill our country Mays with bloom are English born and came before the quota laws with the daisy, the buttercup, the dandelion, and the lilac of which two famous American poems have been made. But the best of May is native, a shrub that knows the unities, a modest tree that seeks the light and screens the inner woodlands with ordered clusters of leafy candelabra from the oak branch to the meadow turf. In May in four pointed flame from green to white to tip of rose, its flowery candles are lit, and not even the rhododendron clusters hung over Allegheny torrents excel the lucid blossoms of the dogwood. If they had named this flower from the white-tailed deer the poets might have forgiven them.

This is only the beginning of the indictment. When flowery wisps began to stream upward in the wilderness they noticed that the fish were running up the rivers and named the fringed exquisite shad bush. The finest of our native hardwoods, that rises like a sequoia with wide spread arms upholding in Spring a multitude of tulip blossoms (see Poe's too little known description in "The Domain of Arnheim"), they called a poplar—least interesting of European trees. Our cheery morning thrush, because his breast was red, must be a robin, a not unhappy choice, but evidence of how carelessly they looked at nature. The catbird we forgive them; that was inevitable; but with the name of milkweed they banned from poetry a lovely plant, and a brave flower in August was killed for literature when Joe-Pye gave it a name. June in all the Appalachian country from the foothills to the west slopes is laurel month, but laurel is our later addition, the settlers called it ivy, for apparently a vine and a shrub were all one to them. To be sure it is not laurel either, but Greece is far away. Last ignominy, that powerful bird who swings in flight above the hawks and soars with rigid wings over counties; he who for some reason hidden in time will not cross the Hudson, even when below him it is only a silver thread, but, south and west, belongs in our high sky, so much more roomy than the English heaven, and so much bluer when he and his mates soar out their summer's day; when our ancestors found him gorged, somnolent by the carcass of a wolf-torn deer, and saw that he was vulture by vocation, they named him not from his majestic wings or telescopic eyes, but by the foul red wattles, a naked shame that the heavens had hid. Goodby to poetry when he who outflies the airplane became a turkey buzzard.

Tumult

By JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

YOU came—and like a stormy wind your love
Blew over the lone waters, and the sea
Of my heart's life was shaken violently,
And all the trembling waves began to move.

And cried their love out to the shore, and cast
Their love upon the shore—but you were gone!
Yet still that restless flood is roaring on,
Where once so great a wind of beauty passed.

And still from the calm heaven of my mind
My thought, like a great hawk on lonely wing,
Watches those waters laboring, laboring,
In troubled multitude, broken and blind.

This Week

"Principles of Psychotherapy." Reviewed by *A. A. Brill, M.D.*

"The New Spirit in the European Theatre." Reviewed by *Glenn Hughes.*

"The Letters of Thomas Manning to Charles Lamb." Reviewed by *F. V. Morley.*

"Fiddler's Farewell." Reviewed by *Edward Davison.*

"Beatrice." Reviewed by *Max A. Egloff.*

"Richard Kane Looks at Life." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

"He Rather Enjoyed It." Reviewed by *Chester T. Crowell.*

"The Great Valley." Reviewed by *Stephen Vincent Benét.*

"Peary." Reviewed by *Felix Riesenberg.*

Next Week, or Later

Swinburne. By *William Rose Benét.*

"Outline of Abnormal Psychology," by William McDougall. Reviewed by *C. G. Jung.*

The Artist as Southerner

By DONALD DAVIDSON

Vanderbilt University

CRITICS like to feel a sense of discovery. This reason among others may account for the interest which Northern observers have in the past few years exhibited toward a revival of literature said to be in progress in the Southern states. And the other reasons would doubtless include the fact that there really is a great deal of encouraging literary activity, as Southerners themselves have on occasion gone to some pains to demonstrate. But what has so far been reported has been chiefly the superficial phenomena of the literary revival,—lists of authors, tabulations of magazines, specimen volumes displayed as convincingly modern. Only one writer, Mr. Allen Tate in the *Nation,* has gone so far as to consider the Southern artist in relation to his environment. And the most important question of all remains to be asked: that is, what does it mean to be a Southerner and yet be a writer; what is the Southern character, if such exists, and is it communicating itself to literature in any recognizable and valuable way?

As a person, the Southerner is well-established in the public mind. It is unnecessary to refer to the legendary colonel in a goatee and a wide-brimmed hat who continually says "You-all" and recklessly defends his honor, or to the charming lady who might have been the subject of Edward Coote Pinckney's toast. The real Southerner of today may not always retain the manners of an older generation, but he is still distinguishable in a crowd by the inflections of his voice and by his views on Woodrow Wilson or Al Smith. He is known to be hot-headed, intense, yet generous in a pinch. He is reputed to be lazy, but this reputation possibly comes from his comfortable personal philosophy which accepts life as something to be enjoyed. He is affirmative in what he does and says, not reticent like the traditional Yankee; and this affirmativeness of character, exhibited actively in his religion or politics, is often disturbingly pugnacious.

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But to examine contemporary Southern literature for any similar characteristics, or for any characteristics that can definitely be called Southern, is to be defeated. It would be hard to find a single Southern writer of merit who in his thinking and manner of expression is as clearly of the South as Robert Frost is of New England. In the past perhaps there have been instances. We may recognize a Southern lushness and mellowness in the poetry of Sidney Lanier and remember a native warmth and urbanity in the best work of such writers as James Lane Allen, George Cable, and Thomas Nelson Page. But on the whole the most remarkable exhibitions of Southern character have been in the works of the inferior writers who mooned over the Lost Cause and exploited the hard-dying sentimentalism of antebellum days. Today, the writer who lives South of the Mason-Dixon line may by accident or design choose his materials from the life about him, but that fact alone will not guarantee him as a genuinely autochthonous writer. The chances are that he will remain purely and narrowly provincial; or, if he mounts a little, he will write and think more like a New Yorker or a Chicagoan than like a Virginian or a Tennessean. In the majority of cases, furthermore, his inclination will be to reject the materials that are most immediate.

For he is in a forbidding situation, and is over-

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whelmed by a set of complex inhibitions that make him extremely self-conscious in his attitude toward his own habitat. And the more completely he is aware of the phenomena of modern literature—the more nearly he approaches a perfection of his technical equipment—the greater these inhibitions will become. He is obliged to realize the incongruities of his position as artist in the South. On the one hand he sees the decaying structure of Civil War sentimentalism and hears politicians braying their sectional platitudes. The gallantries of the Lost Cause, the legends of a gracious aristocracy, the stalwart traditions of Southern history,—these he may admire, but they come to him mouthed over and cheapened. The Old South, as Allen Tate has observed, left no culture of ideas that the Southern writer can cheerfully use; he can no more accommodate himself to its fabric than a flapper can put on hoopskirts. And in the new order his situation is equally baffling. He sees industrialism marching on, and can digest the victorious cries of civic boosters even less readily than the treacly lamentations of the old school. Whatever prosperity may bring in the future, for the present the artist is likely to behold with scornful amusement how the descendants of the pioneers grow weak in the knees at the mention of the word *radical*. He can hardly find refuge among the Fundamentalists, who will suspect his morals if he is discovered in the act of reading Sherwood Anderson. He can hope for no aid from the Ku Klux because he is guilty of subscribing to the *New Republic*. He is an alien particle in the body politic. And, by contrast, fresh ideas, new modes, new philosophies come to him from every quarter but the South. What wonder that his gaze flies beyond immediate surroundings to remote regions, and that, if he addresses himself to his locale at all, he often does so with ironic discontent.

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To make the problem specific, it is profitable to observe the literary treatment which has fallen to the lot of two heroes of the Civil War, Lincoln and Lee. From Lowell and Whitman down to Robinson, Lindsay, and Sandburg, we have a creditable array of poems which have celebrated Abraham Lincoln as a national hero, and have done so with the dignity and seriousness that suited his heroic dimensions. What Southerner has performed a like service for Lee? Yet Lee at Appomattox is as tragic and poetic a figure as has ever been given to the literary artist. The Southern poet of today might be fully aware of the potentialities of such a subject. But he is more likely to remember emphatically the rhymes of the more puerile Confederate songsters, and feel an impulsive distaste for a subject of a sort that has already been boggled too many times. He will hesitate to engage himself with a tradition already sicklied over with sentimentalism.

The truly autochthonous writer would be troubled by no such feelings. Frost in New England, Hardy in Wessex, Hamsun and Bojer in Europe are all autochthonous writers in the best meaning of the term. They are, literally speaking, of the same time and place with their generation and section, and, whatever their superiority as geniuses, they are not detached from men's fundamental thoughts and feelings. Local materials come to them as fresh and immediate themes, to which they can easily give a character of the universal rather than the merely provincial, and they are not plagued with inhibitions. They do not inherit a perverted and debased tradition as the Southerner does, but are free to exploit a tradition which has already been favorably establishd. They are men who have steadied themselves, artistically and philosophically, and they are most likely to flourish, and have generally flourished, in a civilization which has steadied itself into a period of repose and self-realization. They can speak in their own character and still retain the flavor of the soil that produced them.

Such is not the case in the South today, where a second Reconstruction is in progress which is as full of dangers to the artist as the period of post-bellum Reconstruction that preceded it. And so we have in the South a dissociation of the artist from his environment, resulting in a literature of mingled protest and escape,—the channels which the artist has invariably used when he found himself at odds with his world. Therefore we should expect to find in the South what we do find—twentieth century Blakes, Shelleys, Byrons, and Swifts (in lesser editions), now retreating into faery lands forlorn, now advancing belligerently with bitter condemnations.

The literature of protest has not yet fully arrived in the South, but that it is well on the way can be suspected from the tart essays of Gerald Johnson, from biographical and historical studies like John Donald Wade's "Augustus Baldwin Longstreet" and Frank L. Owsley's "State Rights in the Confederacy," and from a fair crop of more or less realistic novels. But the literature of escape is here in full force and has been for some time. In Virginia, there is James Branch Cabell, who has found satisfaction in the ironical-romantic world of Poictesme, the amours of mythical heroes, and the artistic creed expounded in "Beyond Life," where he says: "To spin romances is, indeed, man's proper and peculiar function in a world wherein he only of created beings can make no profitable use of the truth about him." *The Double Dealer*, a New Orleans magazine, could never be recognized as such from its contents; the satirical-classical dialogues of John McClure, the Florizel verses of Louis Gilmore, have none of the *genius loci* in them. In Atlanta is Frances Newman, writing "The Short Story's Mutations" and taking refuge in a complicated sentence structure which ought to be a sufficient protection against the hegemony of Ku Klux and Coca Cola in Georgia; for what Georgian would recognize the flavor of his state in a sentence like this, culled from her writings: "Katherine Faraday was no mystic, but merely human reason was no more responsible for her conviction that her troublesome soul—like other people's—was the shape of a canteloupe seed and nearly the same color, and that it was about ten inches long and made of a translucent cartilaginous substance with a small oval bone in the centre than merely human reason was responsible for Arthur Rimbaud's conviction that the vowel O is blue or the city of Algiers' conviction that the blessed Virgin Mary was black." Similarly, Charles J. Finger, in Arkansas, solaces himself with books on colorful rogues distant in time and space from his residence; and William Alexander Percy, a Mississippian, writes like a remote patrician, lately from some metropolitan fastness in America or Europe, lingering in the South for a vacation; and Cale Young Rice of Kentucky writes poetic dramas of Avignon, Cyprus, and the East.

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And in Nashville there is *The Fugitive*, or rather it was, since its editors chose to discontinue publication last year. The name of the magazine indicates the sort of poetry which its group of editors and publishers have produced—poetry with very little of the local scene in it. The work of John Crowe Ransom will illustrate the point I am making, not simply with respect to the group of which he is a member, but because it reflects the typical procedure of many Southern writers whose work may be considered "modern." The marks of the Southern character may be, and doubtless are to some extent, latent in his poetry; but they are well-hidden behind an idiom that is complex and non-popular. The trend of his poetry, particularly in his volume "Chills and Fever," reveals him as more at home among mediæval and remotely historical themes than in celebrating local deities and heroes. And a quotation from his poem, "Blackberry Winter," is significant in his discussion:

> The breath of a girl is music—fall and swell—
> The trumpets convolve in the warrior's chambered ear,
> But I have listened, there is no one breathing here,
> And all of the wars have dwindled since Troy fell.

Such a comment does not do justice to the poetry of John Crowe Ransom, but it does indicate the difficulty of the contemporary Southern writer, for whom the literary spring is indeed an uncertain weather, a kind of "blackberry winter" that blows frost upon the early blooms. For the Southern poet or novelist, the wars have in truth dwindled, and the heroes are under suspicion. There is little consolation left except a dubious pride in being, at least, non-sentimental, and more sensitive to the exotic influence of Proust or Joyce or T. S. Eliot than to the repudiated dominion of Thomas Nelson Page and Father Ryan.

It may now be objected that there is a formidable list of Southern writers who do use local materials. Recent examples would be Ellen Glasgow's "Barren Ground"; DuBose Heyward's volumes of poetry, and his more recent novel of Negro life, "Porgy"; Olive Tilford Dargan's sketches of mountain people in "Highland Annals," Julia Peterkin's stories of Negroes in "Green Thursday." It might be gladly admitted that these writers, and others who might be named, make an approach to the autochthonous ideal. All of them have a positive warmth which displays itself in their enthusiasm for their materials and which might be called Southern. It is, furthermore, no adequate criticism of their work to protest that they are not like Hardy nor as good as Hardy. But this discussion is not attempting to make critical estimates, only to point out difficulties and limitations. And whether the ways of these writers can be accepted as profitable for the future of Southern literature seems doubtful. They do not refuse to exploit local materials for artistic purposes, but they still are, with the possible exception of Mrs. Peterkin, so extremely conscious of their function as interpreters that they overreach themselves and leave their interpretative intention sticking out obviously, almost argumentatively, in their writing. DuBose Heyward, encountering a yoke of oxen, is not content to describe them, but is determined to point out that he finds in them "the unconquerable spirit of these hills;" Mrs. Dargan feels obliged to indicate now and then her indignation with outsiders who assume an attitude of condescension toward the mountain people of her beloved Unakas. Ellen Glasgow's "Barren Ground" attracted the attention of critics partly because in their eyes it was nothing short of marvelous that a Southern writer should deliberately give a somewhat stern and realistic treatment to those supposedly romantic Virginians. Likewise, "Barren Ground" assumes a definitely instructive tone. It is not, like Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," the tragedy of a pure woman faithfully represented, as it easily might have been, but almost a piece of fictionized advice to young Southern women living on farms, "Go, become scientific dairymaids, study agricultural manuals, and join the uplift." Except for the fact that it treats of Virginian fauna and flora, it has no fundamentally Southern characteristics and might have been written by any philanthropically minded Northerner who came South long enough to get an inkling of conditions, just as DuBose Heyward's Charleston poems, if the place-names were changed, might have been written by a Californian apostrophizing the climate and the Golden Gate. Mrs. Peterkin's "Green Thursday" does not fall under the same indictment because she writes with sharp objectivity. Her sketches have the impersonality of real art; they have dramatic and human validity. The same thing can be said of DuBose Heyward's "Porgy," although it is more ornate and sentimental a treatment of negro life than Julia Peterkin has given.

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Yet, after all, the writers of these works, in spite of their clear merits, have limited themselves to certain obviously Southern subjects which the Northern critic has the habit of approving, but which the Southerner might insist have been overadvertised. Is one necessarily Southern when one writes about negroes, mountaineers, or poor whites? Is it not a rather unconvincing sort of Southernness which borrows from a traditionally romantic subject-matter and adds to its own character the ingredients thus confessedly not contained within itself? To write of negroes, the white writer must pass or try to pass into another world; the result may be charming, but in the last analysis it is mostly a travelogue by an only partially qualified observer.

Finally, these writers and others like them who use local materials succeed generally in being merely local. Heyward's church-towers are Charleston towers and Charleston towers only. Robert Frost's birches and ax-helves and pasture-lots and rock walls, though they may incidentally be New England, are more definitely the phenomena of the universe as it is familiar to all men. The true autochthonous writer moves from the particular to the universal, and this process is not very common in contemporary Southern literature.

Grant, if you wish, that true genius would overcome such obstacles. It is still true that the most pressing problem of the Southern artist is how to pass unscorched between two fires. The deliberately southern Southerner runs the risk of being emptily local and sentimental; the inhibited modern, taking extra care to be non-sentimental, becomes splenetic, austere, remote. And, therefore, although the vapors arising from Southern soil are

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too various and uncertain to inspire the critic to Delphic utterance, he may assume the privilege of indicating a direction which Southern literature might conceivably follow.

I need go no farther than Tennessee, now called "darkest," to venture a solution. The darkness of this state, fabulously considered complete, still holds contradictions which, if they could be brought into fruitful union, might represent a typical form of realization for the Southern character as it would transmit itself to literature. The same state which fostered an anti-evolution law and which witnessed an indignant mass-meeting when Meade Minnigerode was guilty of impolite realism toward Andrew Jackson and his wife, also may claim such persons as Joseph Wood Krutch, the psychoanalyst of Poe, who is a native but apostate son, and John Crowe Ransom, a distinguished poet whose flavor tempts the most aristocratic palates. The contradiction is still more evident in two Tennessee novelists who have lately made a bid for national popularity. T. S. Stribling, cultivating a somewhat modern technique, has alternated between romantic stories of tropical regions and realistic, or satirical, studies of negroes and poor whites, thus illustrating the tendency of the emancipated Southerner toward a literature of protest and escape. John Trotwood Moore, who glows with positive enthusiasm for Tennessee history and heroes, has none of the modern in him, and has turned out, in "Hearts of Hickory," a characteristic novel of the old school. If we could imagine a third novelist arising who would combine the valuable qualities of these two men, our estimate would become definite. Such a novelist would have Stribling's frank vigor and competence without the bad temper and the propagandist feature of "Teeftallow," or the yearning for the exotic displayed in "Fombombo" and "Red Sand;" he might well use Moore's sense of traditions and unselfconscious eagerness to exploit Tennessee materials without his glorifications and obvious melodrama. Working in the field of the historical novel, such a writer would clarify a scene with the rich combination of fidelity and imaginativeness used by James Boyd in "Drums;" or, in dealing with contemporary life, might speak with the lyrical brooding intensity of William Faulkner in "Soldier's Pay," and yet avoid the Mississippian's straining after smartness.

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Exuberance, sensitiveness, liveliness of imagination, warmth and flexibility of temper,—these are Southern qualities in all lands, and we have a right to ask that the Southern writer give them full play. A Southern Dreiser, a Southern Ruth Suckow, with their stilted drabness, would be unthinkable contradictions. The realism now so much praised in its scattering Southern manifestations would seem a strangely narrow channel for a hotblooded nature. And, as for poetry, not the pertness of Millay, the burly raucousness of Sandburg, the cautious understatement of Robinson would sit naturally upon a Southern tongue, which might convincingly declaim syllables of rich melodiousness, color, and unashamed passion, saved from cheapness, perhaps, by vestigial remainders of the aristocratic impulse. Nor does the Southerner need to be greatly preoccupied with forms, since the way has been cleared for him by the period of experimentalism through which American literature has been passing. He has only to exploit the usable conventions which are put into his hands. In sum, the Southern character, properly realized, might display an affirmative zest and abandon now lacking in American art.

Then, too, nothing is clearer than that the elements most hateful to the Southerner, in his modern awareness, are the very powers which ought to compose his individuality among Americans. "As long as its local pride is warm, its patriotism fiery, its religion incandescent, it (the South) will remain distinctively individual in a federation otherwise populated by Laodiceans," wrote Gerald Johnson in *The Reviewer* for January, 1925. In the same issue Paul Green said, "If there is a section containing an abundance of crude, unshaped material for art, it is this. Here in the rough is the dynamism of emotion terrible enough in its intensity for the greatest art." Edwin Mims's new book, "The Advancing South," with its contrasting studies of old and new, reactionary and progressive, should suggest to the Southern writer, even more definitely, the need of an attitude of acceptance; for Professor Mims's vivid synthesis of social, political, and religious, as well as literary, points of view implies the needed antidote against a forlorn defeatism.

Such opinions lead to the belief that the Southerner can hardly hope to achieve a satisfactory self-realization in merely negative reactions. Fundamentalism, in one aspect, is blind and belligerent ignorance; in another, it represents a fierce clinging to poetic supernaturalism against the encroachments of cold logic; it stands for moral seriousness. The Southerner should hesitate to scorn these qualities, for, however much they may now be perverted to bigoted and unfruitful uses, they belong in the bone and sinew of his nature as they once belonged to Milton, who was both Puritan and Cavalier. To obscure them by a show of sophistication is to play the coward; to give them a positive transmutation is the highest function of art. Local pride may have its defects, but the impulse which leads the Southerner to give the traditional cheer when Dixie is played represents a capacity for emotion that deserves not to be stifled. And, if ever the time of realization arrives, to be Southern should mean much to any writer who has had the courage and endurance to remain in his own country and fight the battle out. For it may be his privilege to discover, in himself and in his art, something of the bold and inclusive American character that Whitman celebrated in prophecy.

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER
Author of "Beatrice" (Simon & Schuster)
See page 785

On Mental Healing

PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOTHERAPY. By Dr. Pierre Janet. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by A. A. Brill, M.D.

WHATEVER Janet writes deserves due attention. The author is one of the great pioneers in psychopathology and for many years has been looked upon as one of the most serious students of some phases of mental medicine. His writings have always been taken as authoritative of the French School of Psychotherapy. To students of the mind Janet therefore needs no introduction; he is well known for ihs studies in hysteria, psychasthenia, etc., and as the representative of the most progressive contribution to mental medicine of his school.

The reviewer questions whether laymen should in any way occupy themselves with the principles of psychotherapy but whether we approve of it or not, it would seem that for many years both in this country and abroad, lay people have taken a keen interest in matters pertaining to mental healing. Consequently, it behooves us to help to enlighten and to remove as much of the confusion as possible, for confusion in reference to the workings of the mind has reigned supreme even amongst the intelligentsia, particularly since the advent of psychoanalysis.

Historically speaking, the author has written an excellent book. One can clearly orient himself in the history of mental healing by reading the first four chapters. The author not only gives us a full account of the evolution of psychotherapy beginning with miracles, animal magnetism, hypnotism, and suggestion, but having been one of the chief actors in this history, he enlightens the reader with all sorts of interesting contributions from his own observations. Reading this part of the book as well as parts two and three, one becomes impressed with the enormous importance of the subject. Charcot's *la foit qui guèrit* is well shown throughout all these chapters. To be sure Janet and all the other scientific workers have not been satisfied with the miracles wrought in Lourdes and elsewhere, so that they have for years worked hard to reduce all these phenomena to a definite scientific basis.

To the American readers, the author's expositions of the parts played by Christian Science, New Thought, and the Emanuel Movement, will be of particular interest. He not only gives us a true and concise history of those cults but with his characteristic clearness he points out the truths and fallacies of all these systems.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book to the reviewer is the author's attitude toward psychoanalysis. It is a remarkable fact tersely expressed by Janet's compatriot, Anatole France, that learned men are not inquisitive. "*Les savants ne sont pas curieux.*" I believe that it was in 1907 when Janet first heard of Freud's theories, and he then brusquely remarked that they were just "*une plaisanterie.*" At that time he displayed a woeful ignorance of Freud's theories, hence they appeared to him as a joke. Judging by his expressions in his volume, he has made some effort to know more about Freud, but it is our opinion that it was a very, very weak effort. The author devotes a few pages to Freud and his theories and sums up by saying that, "We again are concerned with a psychotherapeutic matter whose roots extend into the French animal magnetism," and adds that, "It is probable that it will also meet with an undeserved appreciation and decline, but like magnetism and hypnotism, it will have played a great rôle and will have given a useful impulse to the study of psychology." But whereas Janet now seems to look upon psychoanalysis quite seriously, realizing that with all its faults it is today "bringing about a great movement in psychology and medicine quite like what prevailed in all countries when hypnotism was at its height," it is to be regretted that he is not better informed about it than he was in 1907. The author seems to have read a very superficial and elementary treatise on psychoanalysis and failed to grasp even those principles.

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Thus by some strange reasoning he comes to the conclusion that psychoanalysis is really his creation and that Freud just gave different names to the mechanisms which he (Janet) himself has discovered. Thus, on page 41, he states:

> At this time, a foreign physician, Dr. S. Freud, of Vienna, came to Salpetrière and became interested in these studies. He granted the truth of the facts and published some new observations of the same kind. In these publications, he changed first of all, the terms that I was using; what I had called psychological analysis he called *psychoanalysis;* what I had called psychological system, in order to designate that totality of facts of consciousness and movement, whether of members or of viscera whose association constitutes the traumatic memory, he called *complex*, he considered a restriction of consciousness; what I referred to as psychological dissociation, or as a moral fumigation, he baptized with the name of *catharsis*, etc.

To the reviewer who was well versed in the French school of psychotherapy, and especially in Janet's works long before he knew of Freud's teaching, these statements are very strange to say the least. At first one feels a bit complimented to hear that psychoanalysis is no longer a joke, but a rather serious study of the mind, for it must be that, being copied from the author; but is this true? For anyone acquainted with the development of both schools it is very clear that the author makes foolish statements.

Thus Janet does not seem to know the part played by Dr. Breuer in the early development of psychoanalysis. This investigator knew nothing of Janet and his work; the cathartic method which laid the foundation of psychoanalysis was, one might say, accidentally discovered by Breuer and has nothing whatever to do with Janet's work. Janet's definition of what he thinks Freud calls a "complex" is absurdly wrong. It may interest the readers to know that the term "complex" is not at all a Freudian invention. One rarely finds it in Freud's works. It was coined by the Zurich school,

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Bleuler, Jung, and Riklin, in their Association experiments. Nor is Freud's repression the same as the author's restriction of consciousness. It is not anything like it. One could go through every statement made by Janet about Freud and show it to be full of inexcusable errors, and if one wished to enter into a general discussion as to the resemblance between the thoughts of Janet and Freud, one could readily show that no such resemblance exists. Interested readers should read Freud's history of the Psychoanalytic Movement wherein he gives a clear account of his relation to the French School. As a matter of fact, some of the greatest opponents of Freud are followers of Janet. They surely see no resemblance between the two.

The rest of the book contains some interesting material, but nothing very new or even helpful to the student of mental diseases. It will interest those laymen who for reasons of their own delve into morbid pathology, as it gives a good if rather meagre account of psychotherapy. The translators have done excellent work.

An Army of Optimists

EVOLUTION AND OPTIMISM. By LUDWIG STEIN. New York: Thomas Seltzer, Inc., 1926. $3.

THERE is an old definition of a pessimist as "a man who has met an optimist." If there is any truth in that remark, Dr. Stein's recent book will create many pessimists, for in it we meet not one but a whole army of optimists, selected to illustrate all contemporary varieties. A curious-looking army, certainly: Muensterberg and William James marching cheek by jowl with Herbert Spencer; Eduard von Hartmann (*que diable fait-il dans cette galère?*); Ostwald, Keyserling, Houston Stuart Chamberlain, Nietzsche, and, at their head, beating the bass drum, Dr. Ludwig Stein. Optimism makes strange bed-fellows apparently. This at once suggests that Dr. Stein is not dealing with a genuine philosophic concept but with a vague emotional attitude given an honorific name. But if so, it is not through any lack of clear-sightedness as to the present social situation.

> My reproach against our time with its mania for destruction is, that the revolution of the after-war period has given us neither a new form of thinking nor a peculiar mode of feeling. . . . In this post-war period we quarrel about political trivialities and are accomplices in the poorly concealed suicide of the white race, simply because we are in danger of losing our hold on the deeper meaning of life. To recover the lost paradise of the pre-war time, our intellect needs a new philosophy and our heart a new religion.

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Well and good, but unfortunately Dr. Stein has not given us the faintest glimpse of either the new philosophy or the new religion. The men whom he discusses, with the exception of Keyserling, all belong to the past, and some of them, like Herbert Spencer, to the dead past. Of the really living philosophies, Italian idealism, Belgian neo-scholasticism, American and British realism, he has not a word to say. His own social optimism—sharply distinguished from individual optimism—is simply a faith in the indefinite progress of the white race, "the bearer of all cultural values," as guaranteed by the existence of a white man's God who is logically needed to explain the facts of order and evolution in nature. This may or may not be a sound view but it is certainly not a new view. It is exactly the faith of the pre-war period. Dr. Stein is simply a gallant veteran, a good soldier who sticks to his guns even when the day seems to have gone against him.

Admiration for Dr. Stein's gallantry is likely to be tempered by impatience with his dogmatism and inaccuracy. All pessimists such as Oswald Spengler are for him "other-worldly Buddhistic cowards and melting mollusc-natures." There was only one pessimist, Hegesias, among all the Greeks, he tells us—perhaps feeling that after enrolling Hartmann under his optimistic banner he would have no difficulty with Hesiod, Theognis, Mimnermus, Anaximander, Heraclitus, Euripides, and Diogenes. "For Brahmanism, being-in-itself is an ought-not-to-be." Dr. Stein everywhere identifies Brahmanism with Buddhism instead of contrasting them, and nowhere does justice to either. Fichte, in his notion of the ego "was deeply affected by Schopenhauer." Fichte's main philosophical work was published when Schopenhauer was six years old; Schopenhauer was, indeed, precocious, but not so precocious as all that. "C. S. Peirce formulated the criterion of truth of pragmatism." Peirce formulated, of course, only the pragmatic conception of meaning and himself held to a quite different criterion of truth. "As the mystics declare: God does not exist but he becomes." One wonders what mystics Dr. Stein has ever read, since, from Plotinus to Mrs. Eddy, the mystics are above all the very ones who declare the exact opposite. "Romanticists incline for the most part toward optimism"—as illustrated, perhaps by Byron, Musset, Leopardi, Heine, Poe, Carlyle, and Strindberg!

Nevertheless, unlikely as it may seem, it is still possible, with a weak central theory and many errors of fact, to write a book that is decidedly worth reading—and Dr. Stein has done so. His mind is energetic, assertive, trenchant, even—whenever he gets away from his hobby of optimism—judicious. His defence of authority as a biological principle of economy of effort is original and convincing. Similarly with his defense of logic and religion as equally necessities of thought. The essays on Muensterberg, Ostwald, and Keyserling contain much material that will be new to most readers. The brief summary of Karl Joel's work on romanticism is valuable. As a whole, the book undoubtedly fails to do what it set out to do, but it does many other things exceedingly well, and even where it fails it offers an irritation which is tonic.

Sins of the Theatre

THE NEW SPIRIT IN THE EUROPEAN THEATRE, 1914-1924. By HUNTLY CARTER. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1925. $7.50.

Reviewed by GLENN HUGHES
University of Washington

THIS is a book that is destined to shock many readers. Some will be so shocked that they will deny its accuracy; others will be shocked because they consider it so accurate. I may as well confess at the outset to membership in the latter group. Mr. Carter, who is known for a number of excellent books on the theatre, has in this recent volume made a most violent attack on the motives and methods of European theatres during the decade beginning in 1914. He has analyzed, selected, and arranged his material with great care and precision. If anything the book is over-organized. One feels the presence of the card-index on almost every page, and too frequently the cards come to the surface in the form of outlines. Such a mania for classification would be quite offensive were it not for the fact that this particular book is concerned extensively with sociological, political, and economic interpretations of theatrical phenomena. One is inclined to permit the social sciences a scientific method.

The book is in three parts. Part One deals with the theatre and war, Part Two with the theatre and revolution, Part Three with the theatre and peace. Each of these parts has two sub-divisions, and each sub-division has several chapters. In each part the author surveys the various European countries and records the state of the theatre therein. Three times we swoop down upon unsuspecting capital cities, and nearly always catch them unprepared. With the aid of Mr. Carter's unfailing eye, we discover the weakness, the hypocrisy, the rottenness of the theatrical structure. Especially in London and Paris, if we trust our guide, do the foundations of the theatre reek with financial pollution and moral decay. Berlin, Moscow, and Prague stand up better under our scrutiny. At least these cities maintained, through even the darkest days, some ideals upon which the dignity and self-respect of the theatre might rest.

One of the major crimes of the War, in the estimation of Mr. Carter, was the failure of the various European governments to take control of the theatre and employ it toward worthy ends. This powerful and well-established institution, lying ready for service, was practically ignored by the men whose business it was to build and sustain the morals of the people. It fell, naturally enough, into the hands of unscrupulous profiteers, who deliberately set out to exploit the waves of war-hysteria. Blind patriotism, physical violence, sex-hunger—these were the three dominant motives in the plays that were served up to wartime audiences in lieu of spiritual nourishment. To read Mr. Carter's account of conditions in London at a time when thousands of soldiers were in that city on leave, is to be nauseated. And to realize how much the theatre was made to contribute to the general degradation of soldiers and civilians, is to blush with shame for its reputation.

There are times in reading this book when one feels that perhaps the author is too much a puritan. I am sure he would be accused of this by many theatrical folk. But after all, one does not need to be a puritan to be revolted by wholesale corruption, and it is with just that that Mr. Carter is dealing. In his diatribe, he does not confine himself to social criticism; he considers the æsthetic basis of the phenomena as well, and in fact links the two very skilfully. He is one of the very few students of of the theatre who see clearly the connection between various external manifestations. He is as quick to recognize indecency in color and line or in music as he is in dialogue and situation. He is an acute critic of the several arts, as well as a practical and fearless sociological-psychologist. It is this combination of points of view that makes him a unique figure in contemporary dramatic writing.

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, there is in the volume scarcely a mention of the American theatre. Some one should do for New York what Mr. Carter has done for the cities of Europe. Such a study would not be of the same significance, of course, as the one that has been done, but it would extend the comparison, and allow us to measure ourselves by European standards. It seems to me our theatre of 1914-1924 would show a cleaner record than that of France or England, but I doubt if it could stand beside that of Germany. One of the most interesting features of Mr. Carter's work is the chart he has prepared, showing typical theatre programs during certain periods in London, Berlin, Petrograd, Vienna, and other cities.

In his dislike of the capitalistic theatre, Mr. Carter allows himself to grow quite optimistic on the subject of workers' theatres. To my mind he exaggerates the possibilities of mass-art, and endows the laboring class with a broader idealism than it possesses. But it is easy to see that an intensely earnest nature, such as Mr. Carter's, is apt to react a bit too far when it encounters an appalling fact. One needs an almost superhuman balance to prevent such an occurrence.

Added to its other merits, this book contains twenty-four large illustrations, most of them stage scenes. A few of them will be recognized as having appeared in other books relating to the modern theatre, but most of them are fresh to the eye. They reflect the theatres and periods with which the text is concerned. Altogether, an illuminating book, and one that will provoke heated debates wherever it is read.

If the new Copyright Bill introduced into both Houses of Congress by the Authors' League of America, becomes law, any American author will find that the moment he puts pen or pencil to paper (wherever he may be) his creation, as and when created, will immediately be automatically copyrighted throughout all the large countries of the world and many of the small ones.

Rosabelle Houston of East High School, Des Moines, Iowa, was awarded first place in the first annual Witter Bynner Scholastic Poetry Contest, which was conducted by the *Scholastic*, a national high school magazine. The competition was so close that the judges named the ten leading high school poets of 1925, in order that proper recognition should be given to more of the students who submitted exceptional poetry. More than 3,000 high school boys and girls took part in the contest.

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A Noble Fighter

THE LETTERS OF THOMAS MANNING TO CHARLES LAMB. Edited by G. A. ANDERSON and P. P. HOWE. New York: Harper Bros. 1926.

Reviewed by F. V. MORLEY

IT is good to have a memorial to Mrs. Anderson, for she worked behind the scenes, and consistently avoided the credit she might have had by using her knowledge as copy. She hated the thought of rushing into print. She had in mind a definitive edition of Lamb's correspondence, and was prepared to wait until all avenues were explored, and all copyright difficulties were overcome. She was admirable in her work and in her waiting. No one knew more than she of the facts of Charles Lamb's life; her instinct was acute, and she enjoyed detective work as she enjoyed a spirited game of chess. The rigors of editing were a delight to her; accuracy was a passionate ideal. But the large scheme was interrupted by her sudden death in 1924, and one feared her ideas might have died with her.

The present volume dismisses that fear. It is published in a form she had not contemplated, but it is able to stand (as it must, if it is to be a worthy memorial) as an interesting contribution to knowledge. Mr. Howe, who has skilfully extracted the material from the large body of Mrs. Anderson's notes, does not attempt to advise the reader in what way Manning's letters are interesting. He points out that Lamb generally destroyed letters sent to him, but made an exception in favor of Manning; and he hints that this fact in itself should commend the printing of the correspondence. Mr. Howe's reticence is wise, in that many will care to read the letters, without asking for more than entertainment. But there is something special behind the correspondence with Manning which gives an added interest.

* * *

In E. M. Forster's recent essay, "Anonymity," there is a casual reference to Lamb. Here (says Mr. Forster in effect) is a gifted, sensitive, fanciful, tolerant, humorous fellow, always writing from his surface personality, and the pleasanter writer in consequence. Mr. Forster has a way of making his words mean more than they say. Certainly the implications of this remark are worth borrowing. Acquaintanceship with Lamb colors the list of adjectives. We know him to be generous, thoughtful, unselfish, humane, sympathetic, quick in the uptake. We know him to be never dull and never vulgar, always expressive, always witty. Above all other qualities, we know him to be clubable. Now these qualities, as Lamb's friends know, were gifts deliberately extended. He assumed his sociability, with any amount of courage, when he gave over his first way of life. For in the beginning he seemed to be cut out for a hard man, an idealist; and as he went on, he became a clubable man, and learned to compromise. We can put down a great part of the change to the family tragedy. Some put it in the form of saying the tragedy brought him face to face with realities, and brushed away his dreams. They say it did away with abstractions like the idea of intellectual virtue, and made of him a man preëminently gentle. However one phrases it, Lamb's response to the experience of "reality" was a deliberate devotion to the best of worldliness. He became steadfastly out for fun. That is why his writings are a consolation. With him one sidesteps trouble.

"I know well enough that I sink from the world of Milton, or from the world of Socrates, or from the world of Christ," said one of Lamb's friends, "but Lamb's world remains a very good world for me." One has to take sides in the war of worlds, and Lamb became a noble fighter for this world we all know. As a champion, he could do in those contemporary opponents, Coleridge and Wordsworth; for champions win recruits by their conduct, and Lamb very easily makes Coleridge's conduct seem weak, and Wordsworth's selfish. Lamb was a noble fighter, for he had appreciation of the idealists, and was often inside their own lines; but more by affection, one feels, than compulsion. He was never really of the poets, as Coleridge and Wordsworth were. His early letters on religion are evidence more of mind than of feeling. Was it the man Coleridge he was devoted to in youth, or the ideas? What hurt Lamb most in that early quarrel? Whichever it was, when the trust in Coleridge was gone, Lamb chose, deliberately and desperately, to make the best of worldly wisdom. It was in that mood that he met Manning, and was fascinated. Manning was excellent company; an intelligent, charming, blasphemous, witty don. He had a nice taste in rum, in tea, in letters, in language, in friends. He was not too deadly serious, could be sympathetic and could allow sympathy, was a lover of the odd and a disciple of the fantastic. In him, for a while, Lamb found his friend. Lamb kept his letters, and would have kept them had they not been worth keeping. For they were anodyne during that transition when he gave up troublous fires, in favor of a neat hearth and a glass for all comers.

Notable Poems

FIDDLER'S FAREWELL. By LEONORA SPEYER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON

MRS. SPEYER'S new book of verse, the second she has given us, merits the serious attention of everybody interested in the growth and progress of current American poetry. It is not that she offers any very notable innovations. The little pieces called "Cantares" cannot easily be distinguished from the frailer kind of epigrammatic lyric we have known these past ten years. But Mrs. Speyer makes the most of these shreds and fragments.

> I lied—trusting you knew
> I could not lie to you.
> Beloved friend, I lied, and am forgiven: but I
> Cannot forgive that you believed my lie!

This is as good as parallel things in Coventry Patmore. He, of course, would have reduced the whole thing to a balanced quatrain in the strictest metre without any loss of power. Mrs. Speyer has yet to achieve the ease and grace succeeding the real conquest of metrics. A characteristic uncertainty of purpose sometimes mars her best work. This lack of direction is particularly observable in the long concluding poem "Of Mountains." It is fragmentary, inorganic. And in several of the briefer pieces too she fails to weld together into one purposeful whole the bright impressions and vivid phrasing of parts that should be, but are not, subsidiary to the effect of the complete poem. Thus there is a patchiness and inequality about her work such as tries the patience of a reader who realizes, in the light of so many excellences, the disproportionate relation between her actual and potential achievement. In the "Ballad of Old Doc Higgins," recently published as second-prize poem in the *Nation* contest, Mrs. Speyer revealed a truer hint of her real potentialities than in any single poem in the present book. Unfortunately the "Ballad" is not included in "Fiddler's Farewell."

Allowing these reservations it can still be said that the new book is surprisingly good. Mrs. Speyer writes all like a woman: that is to say she does not fall into the old mistake made by most women who write poetry (even today) by superimposing upon her own characteristic realizations that second-hand, ready-made attitude caught from the man-written poetry of the past which infectiously excludes so much that is peculiar to the mental attitudes and apprehensions of her sex. Men as well as women fall into this imitative error, it is true. But proportionately more women than men appear to destroy their poetic individuality by dashing it against the ancient rock, Imitation. Their difficulty is dual. A woman poet who imitates, say, Emily Dickinson, is less likely to compromise her originality than one who derives from, say, A. E. Housman. Mrs. Speyer, however, unleashes her own personality instead of creating a new and obviously manufactured poetic personality. In short, personality is the soul of her book: she is not one more mere imitator. A large number of the poems are patently autobiographical, but even in her most objective moods the same consistent personality is revealed. Here is the very seed of style. As yet the author has not quite enough artistic government to seal the natural advantage. It is an impulsive will and not a compulsive art that determines the present character of her verse. To reconcile these by some conscious compromise must be the author's future problem. In the meantime how much there is to admire and enjoy in "Fiddler's Farewell" cannot be illustrated in quotation. If only for one poem on the age-old theme of Eden, "The Story as I Understand It," this volume deserves an honorable place on the contemporary shelves.

Trick or Truth?

BEATRICE. By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. Translated by AGNESS JAQUES. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1926. $1.50.

Reviewed by MAX A. EGLOFF

HERR SCHNITZLER does in "Beatrice" precisely what he has done for thirty-four years through a list of plays and novels long as Gargantua's arm, namely, performs a laboratory experiment in erotic psychology which will titillate the entire congregation of repressed humanity. He conducts these studies as authentic demonstrations, not as contributions to pornography. Almost constantly concerned with eroticism as he has been, his works bear the imprint of a scientific rather than an erotic mind. This method of approach lends to his stories the acute, fascinating appeal of reality. The reader of "Anatol" or "Casanova's Homecoming," or "Fräulein Else," or "Beatrice," is very much the doctor's young son alone in his father's library.

"Beatrice" presents the case of a widow of strict virtue and strong maternal instinct, who develops, in middle life, uncontrollable sex desires which lead to the destruction both of herself and of her son. The explanation furnished for this unseasonably late flowering of corruption is equal in ingenuity to Lucretius's theory of atoms. Beatrice had lived a respectable, commonplace existence for some forty years, because her actor husband "had filled her whole life for her, because when his features were veiled by night, he represented many different characters to her—because in his arms she was the beloved of King Richard, and Cyrano, and Hamlet, and all the others whose rôles he played—the beloved of heroes and scoundrels, the blessed and the damned, the naïve, and the sophisticated." Thus, says Schnitzler, she was enabled "to live the decorous life which her bourgeois upbringing had intended her for, and at the same time to lead the wild adventurous existence for which she longed in her secret dreams."

The story of "Beatrice" is less fantastic than "Fräulein Else," but less convincing than "Bertha Garlan." And it is the element of credibility which deserves the greatest share of critical attention in most of Herr Schnitzler's productions. His flashing style and amazing sense of form have been exalted on a pyramid of professional encomiums. Whether he is merely performing tricks by virtue of these powers, or is seriously concerned with abnormal psychology, is the problem raised by each new Schnitzler volume.

"Beatrice," examined outside its emotional spell which raises the illusion of inevitability, appears unmistakably more trick than truth. Even accepting the author's hypothesis that his heroine's character could be subject to so radical a change, the tragedy to which this change leads seems nothing more than a melodramatic finish for a fairly insipid story. But, to be scrupulously just, Schnitzler has persistently evinced his belief in a modified version of the old Roman code of honor. "Better be dead than be untrue to oneself," proclaims the Viennese magician through the words and deeds of a score of characters. This undoubtedly is an excellent, high-minded, and very old-fashioned ideal, but it is not sound psychology. Parenthetically, this theory clashes with another of Schnitzler's favorite themes —the tenacity with which men cling to life.

A judgment of the book rendered with the clutch of Herr Schnitzler's wizardry fast upon the mind, is quite a different matter. Then all petty questions of verisimilitude disappear under the touch of his faultless dexterity in story telling. Through the emotions, the mind is won over, and the reader finds himself ready to believe anything, no matter how absurd, which this master narrator wishes to present. One closes the volume oppressed by the tragedy, and dismayed at the torturing irony implicit in Beatrice's fate. The completeness of the appalling joke which drives this passion-ridden woman to bestow a lover's kiss upon her son even in the moment of their expiatory deaths, seems properly Jovian, invocative of the awe of mortals.

"Beatrice" is a story which many will immediately applaud and later condemn. Only in retrospect will it appear as the exaggeration that it is, and this display of Herr Schnitzler's profound psychological insight transform itself into magnificent exhibitionism.

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"Above The Battle"

RICHARD KANE LOOKS AT LIFE. By IRWIN EDMAN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

"RICHARD KANE LOOKS AT LIFE." But does he see it? And what is life? And who is Richard Kane? Each of these questions is almost equally difficult to answer. The last does indeed admit of a reply that is definitive as far as it goes: Richard Kane is the hero of one of the most interesting books of the year, a strange new kind of book, half fiction and half essay, the work of a graceful writer, half poet, half philosopher. But further than this? The author tells us in his preface that Richard Kane is "a type of that sensitive American youth which is trying to find for itself an order out of contemporary chaos, and an inner peace for its own troubled spirit." His story is told through the mouth of a professor who becomes interested in him while he is in college," a nice boy although hardly dazzling as a philosopher," receptive of ideas and ideals but without creative ability, "living beyond his intellectual income" and left at the end of the first chapter with an academic degree, a smattering of miscellaneous knowledge, a vague disturbing interest in literature and art, and a thorough distaste for the business career designed for him by his cotton merchant father.

Richard Kane is here representative enough of an easily recognizable class of college students, the minority better class repelled by all the insanity of "student activities," alienated from the current commercial ideals, the men for whom college has made life difficult, who don't fit in as well greased cogs in the machine of contemporary society. What becomes of them after they leave college? Mr. Edman's book attempts to tell us. But the task of presenting many individuals by means of a single composite photograph becomes increasingly difficult as the work proceeds. The author is successful in choosing fairly typical events for his hero: a post-collegiate year of happy loitering in Europe, entrances and exits in and out of various businesses, a final heavy settling down in the one that happens to offer the least resistance, a humdrum marriage, children, the attainment of an established place in the social order. Meanwhile, however, Richard Kane as a definite personality, even a communal personality, grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies. His shadowy marriage and more shadowy near-affair with a potential mistress fail to revive him. The reader is only mildly surprised when he learns toward the end the incongruous fact that this Richard, the cotton merchant's son first roused to intellectual activity at college, had been nevertheless a violent socialist at the age of sixteen. By this time Mr. Edman's readers have come to accept Richard as the mouth-piece for whatever intriguing ideas the author wishes to express through him, and if at this point the author feels like discussing socialism, it's quite all right with us. We have long since ceased to be interested in how Richard Kane looks at life, but we have become all the more interested in how Erwin Edman looks at it.

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In a manner gentle and urbane, with the most winning courtesy, Mr. Edman expounds a philosophy of disillusionment. Essentially a Platonist, he scrutinizes with alien eyes the contemporary world and all its ways, where machine work drives out art and the individual thinker is clubbed into conformity with the majority given over to jazzed excitement of the senses or a dull pursuit of wealth. What is usually called progress, he considers deterioration. And flight from the hideous scene, either in space or time, is impossible. America is what Europe, alas, will soon become. The future is a great darkness. Nevertheless, Mr. Edman is far from total pessimism. He has little hope that the actual world will be improved but the world of ideals remains uncorrupted. Following his master, Santayana, whose influence is to be seen everywhere in his work, he seeks serenity in a timeless realm above the ebb and flow of battle. There are eternal essences of beauty, ordered harmony, perfection, shining in their own light, which have yet been realized repeatedly in history and may be realized momentarily by the individual in any age. Or, in less technical language, there are experiences which carry in themselves a sense of absolute value and final satisfaction. Not by doubtful theories of progress but in such experiences is life to be justified, and that not at the last day but today, not in heaven but here.

I shall never see God as the mystics used to see Him, but I recognize now that I have often seen divinity. It comes in a flash or a moment that records itself immortally in the heart, in a sound of music, a curve of marble, a gift of gladness or generosity in a friend, the sudden miracle of green in a forest at daybreak. All these desolate little atheisms cannot touch me. Divinity hedges more creatures in the world than kings. There is immortal loveliness, enduring and returning beauty, which may be touched again and again by the sure-fingered and the open-eyed. For clear minds and gentle hearts, in every generation, the word becomes flesh and lives among men. In the face of the corrosions and defeats of daily life that is sufficient religion to cling to. One's heaven is peopled with the angels of one's own ideals. Life becomes a loyalty on the side of the angels. What better religion has any saint ever had?

Some might answer—the religion of St. Francis which averred that his ideals were not his alone but God's, with infinite power to secure their fulfilment; and others—the religion of that Hindu Boddhisattva who refused to enter paradise until all men were prepared to enter with him. Mr. Santayana and Mr. Edman are content to enter alone, if necessary, but they at least linger on the threshold and beckon invitingly to any who may wish to follow them. It is hardly their fault if the followers are few. They are poet-philosophers, not prophets,—and who knows which of these is the better for mankind?

Good Clowning

HE RATHER ENJOYED IT. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. New York: George H. Doran. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by CHESTER T. CROWELL

IF ever there is a contest with a nice prize offered for the best book review, and if brevity counts, I wish to enter it with a volume by P. G. Wodehouse as my subject. The review will contain two words and two initials: "By P. G. Wodehouse." That ought to suffice, for it will accurately describe the book; the reader may be presumed, I think, to have sampled at least a few paragraphs of Wodehouse, and if so, he needs no additional information about a new Wodehouse book beyond the review I suggest: "By P. G. Wodehouse." Do you suspect that I am cynical? Good Lord, no! The man is simply delightful. Everything he writes is true humor in good taste. Whether you smile or chuckle or guffaw as each page is turned depends upon your head, or perhaps your liver, but Wodehouse is unfailingly funny. I have often heard it said that he writes very light and amusing chatter. But I am not so sure about that.

Take, for example, his character, Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge in the volume named above. You laugh at sight of the name, but get out the microscope of realism and follow Brother Stanley through his idiotic pursuits of happiness and wealth. Are there such persons? Plenty. They don't travel in droves; they couldn't because they are parasites; but they are here and they do just such things as Wodehouse describes. Such things as opening Ukridge's Dog College, confidently expecting to achieve international patronage and amass great wealth.

If Theadore Dreiser had written the story of Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge he would have been moved, as he invariably is, by a godlike pity for the poor fellow. He would see the tragedy and futility of his struggles; he would sense the fact that poor Ukridge can't help being what he is, so Dreiser would appeal to us, saying: "Have pity." And quite a number of earnest, well-meaning folk would reply: "Pity be damned! You have cast asparagus upon the human race. Do you mean to tell me that I'm like Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge? I've a good mind to put another crack in your crazy skull."

So the humorists retain preëminence in realism; that is to say the realism which the millions read. Try to imagine Sherwood Anderson giving us the story which Anita Loos wrote under the title "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." The cops would be after him before night. They'd show him how to insult American womanhood. There are paragraphs, however, in which the realism of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" is positively stark. But the humorists know how to handle such difficult matter. They say to us: "Come here and I'll tell you a funny story about a nut I used to know." And as they proceed you fall under the spell of the story-teller's point of view which is, briefly, "Nothing that could happen to such a character would be half as bad as he deserves." There is the formula. When a realist sends a character out into the snow, penniless and hungry, we begin to wonder if he is indicting civilization. When Wodehouse sends Ukridge scrambling through the mazes of London in hurried search for a shilling, the scene is purest comedy because Ukridge isn't you and he isn't me. He's a clown. He doesn't take life seriously so you don't have to take him seriously.

Every time I read a story by Wodehouse (the contents of the present volume first appeared in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*), I am impressed by the sound common sense of the humorists' methods. No one ever rises to object that the long arm of coincidence reaches from the front page to *finis*. No one ever objects that the character has entirely too many colorful adventures, one right after the other.

And so it seems to me that the humorist is permitted to describe life much more accurately than the rest of us. First, because the long arm of coincidence does wind through every phase of human life, just as the humorist says. Next, because such clowns as Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge do have one absurd adventure right after the other. I've watched them. And third, the humorists are right because the Ukridge clan is funny. Lave them with pity and all you'll get out of it is a touch for five dollars. Kiss the five good-bye. Ukridge's friends kiss many a fiver good-bye in the course of "He Rather Enjoyed It." That title, by the way, could scarcely be improved. Ukridge did enjoy his clowning. And so will you.

Out of Focus

THE GREAT VALLEY. By MARY JOHNSTON. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Author of "Spanish Bayonet"

"THE GREAT VALLEY" is a well-written, painstaking historical novel of pioneer life in the Shenandoah Valley and its western borders. The period ranges from 1737 to 1759. Beginning with the landing of John Selkirk, sometime minister of Thistlebrae kirk, and his family at Jamestown, when those who set out for the Shenandoah felt that they were journeying beyond the moon, it ends when the French and Indian War was dragging to its long-drawn-out conclusion, and Burke's Land and the Great Valley had withstood French musket and Indian war-whoop not without suffering and loss.

The time is an interesting one, the *locale* Miss Johnston's own literary territory, the actual historical information presented often of a fascinating character—and yet the book itself, in spite of individual virtues, fails as a whole. In "To Have and to Hold" Miss Johnston attained one sort of success in the field of the historical novel; in "The Slave Ship," to take an example of her later manner, she succeeded with a rather different method of approach; but "The Great Valley" seems undecided as to which path to follow—it hesitates, and, in reaching for two diverse and somewhat incompatible things, fails to lay hold on either with any firmness.

For some two hundred and forty pages, it is a plausible, rather undistinguished account of the adventures of the Selkirk family in their new environment; how John Selkirk found his liberal interpretations of the doctrine of Calvin and Knox received with no less neighborly intolerance in America than they had been in Scotland, and was forced to move west again; how one son found America a place where a canny man could grow rich and respected in spite of a lack of quarterings, and another son found it a green forest where a man with a hunter's heart could be as much at home as a running deer; how Elizabeth Selkirk married young Conan Burke, son of Colonel Burke of Burke's Land, and had children and pleasant days and the shadows of firelight on the walls of a house at the end of the world. Then, abruptly, after John Selkirk is shot down from an Indian ambush, the mood changes. Massacre descends on Burke's land with the swiftness of a falling arrow. Elizabeth is captured and carried off by Long Thunder's Shawnees. She sees her husband struck down, the youngest of her boys murdered and scalped in the attack upon her house, the older boy, Andrew, flung over a cliff in the course of their march toward captivity.

To save her little girl, Eileen, she enters Long

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Thunder's hut and bears him a child. At last, after many tribulations, she and Eileen escape—and regain Burke's Land and Conan Burke, who, happily, has displayed the inflexible abilities for survival under trying circumstances of more conventionally romantic heroes. And so the book ends, happily, more or less, though one cannot help wondering what happened to the half-breed son of Long Thunder and Elizabeth.

For the average reader, these seventy pages of adventure will be the best thing in the book. In them, Miss Johnston's native gift for telling a swift and exciting story is excellently displayed. But, placed where they are, they throw the book, as a whole, entirely out of focus. And there are other faults. An odd air of unreality pervades the entire novel, in spite of Miss Johnston's evident and careful researches into the history of the period. The Selkirks are not quite the usual puppets of costume-romance, but neither are they real. They move and walk like creatures seen through a clouded glass, or beings half-remembered from a confused series of dreams. Eileen, the fairy-child, is quite incredible, and her mother, too, frequently partakes of her unreality. There is a highly unnecessary introduction of George Washington. And even the Indian episode suffers from curious little patches of artificiality.

Perhaps because of a particular interest in the period concerned, perhaps because of an innate fondness for hairbreadth escapes from Indians, your present reviewer found "The Great Valley" more interesting than "Silver Cross" or "Croatan." But in any attempted estimate of Miss Johnston's later work it must take a place somewhat below "1492"—and considerably below the relatively unappreciated "The Slave Ship."

Peary and the Pole

PEARY, THE MAN WHO REFUSED TO FAIL. By Fitzhugh Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1926. $6.

Reviewed by Capt. Felix Riesenberg

WITH three or more polar expeditions hovering on the edge of the Arctic ice cap, two of them American and one of them partly so, we should be interested in the life story of that greatest of all modern Arctic explorers, Robert E. Peary. This story, written by Commander Fitzhugh Green, at the request of Mrs. Peary, sums up the life and struggles of an indomitable man, a man who never compromised, who knew little of diplomacy, little of the art of politics, but who won through to the North Pole at the end of a lifetime of struggle.

The story deals faithfully and clearly with the character of Peary, and shows how the thread of an overshadowing tragedy seamed his course and, in the end, materialized in the great Peary-Cook controversy that all but shattered his triumph in the attainment of the pole.

Commander Green has given us delightful glimpses of the home life, such as it was, of the explorer, of the weight of anxiety and of the tremendous moral support rendered him by his wife, Josephine Diebitsch Peary. The writer of this review had a visit with Peary in the cabin on the *Roosevelt* in the year previous to his final expedition. It was in the fall of 1907. Peary was tending a row of six small oil stoves of various designs, all heating equal quantities of water. He was working out the laborious details of his coming expedition. Mrs. Peary was present and her remark, as I recall it, held a whole world of truth. She said, "I'm married to the Arctic, I wouldn't advise any girl to embrace the poles."

The life of Peary was filled with the unexpected and the dramatic, it defies characterization. He was the steadfast struggler bent upon the completion of an age-long task. Peary knew that men would eventually fly over the pole, would do in a few hours what had taken him days and weeks and months, if not years, as he had to winter in the north to get his start.

Commander Green has admirably covered the important points in the life of Peary, the little sidelights that throw so much of understanding on the great unbending soul of the explorer. He has him "discover" the pole; the word seems a bit misplaced, although generally applied. The pole was "reached" or "attained" but its position was known even to Columbus. If Peary discovered anything it was the negative discovery that no land exists at the pole.

The book is highly recommended to all interested in the Arctic or in biography. A book well and faithfully done.

The Bowling Green

Unwashed

THERE goes on exhibition today (May 15th) at the Anderson Galleries in New York the truly remarkable collection of Tudor and Stuart books gathered by Mr. John L. Clawson of Buffalo; though any of our local clients who have a lust for seventeenth century publishing will have to see them promptly; the sale of these books begins on May 20th. Even if one never saw these queer little volumes themselves, the catalogue of them is a document worth study by the ameateur. There are 926 books in Mr. Clawson's amazing collection, 210 of which were printed before 1600; most in "superb condition," as cataloguers say, "fine unwashed copies." One of the charms of Elizabethan literature is that it was so frankly unwashed; I should not even feel quite easy in listing the mere titles of some of these treasures.

There was never any question about the sixteenth or seventeenth century author writing his own blurb; he was expected to do so, and it was printed not on a perishable jacket that could be thrown away but as a part of his title-page. It would be valuable for future critics and historians if the jackets of contemporary books were a part of the volumes themselves; who knows how amusing or enlightening they would be to the student fifty years from now? The methodical patron of literature should always remember to save the original jacket of any current book in which he is really interested. You'd be surprised to know how often those wrappers get hastily altered, revised, toned up (or down) shortly after a book's publication.

* * *

As there was no advertising or no bright cony-catching jacket in those days, the title-page was all-important for publisher and author, and I like to imagine that the pair of them often sat up late, with candle-light and canary wine, to ponder the "pulling-power" of various lively phrases. Can't you imagine Robert Greene, for instance, with his well-wishing adventurer John Smithwicke, considering copy for the following:

Greenes Arcadia, or Menaphon: Camillaes Alarum to slumber Evphves in his Melancholy Cell at Silexedra. Wherein are descyphered, the variable effects of Fortvne, the wonders of Love, the triumphs of inconstant Time. A worke, worthy the yongest eares for pleasure, or, The grauest censures for principles. By Robertvs Greene, in Arribus Magiste. London Printed by W. Stansby for I. Smethwicke...1616

Or this:

Greenes Neuer too Late. Both Parties Sent to all youthfull Gentlemen, desciphering in a true English Historie, those particular vanities, that with their Frostie vapours, nip the blossomes of euery braine, from attaining to his intended perfection. As pleasant as profitable, being a right Pumice stone, apt to race out idlenesse with delight, and folly with admonition. By Robert Greene, In artibus Magister. London, Printed by William Stansby for Iohn Smithwicke...1621.

Another Greene title-page, making exactly the same sort of advance toward the "hesitating purchaser" that is familiar in any bookstore today, is "Morando The Tritameron of Love,"

Wherein certaine pleasaunt conceites, vttered by diuers woorthy personages, are perfectly dyscoursed, and three doubtfull questyons of Loue, most pithely and pleasauntly discussed: Shewing to the wyse howe to vse Loue, and to the fonde, howe to eschew Lust: and yeelding to all both pleasure and profitt. By Robert Greene, Maister of Artes in Cambridge. At London Printed for Edwarde White... 1584.

Tom Dekker was also a cunning hand at a title-page. "The Honest Whore" (1604) was a great success (it went through five editions between 1604 and 1635) so it was followed by a sequel, whose title-page read:

The Second Part of the Honest Whore, VVith the Hvmors of the Patient Man, the Impatient Wife: the Honest Whore, perswaded by strong Arguments to turne Curtizan againe: her braue refuting those Arguments. And lastly, the Comicall Passages of an Italian Bridewell, where the Scæne ends. London, Printed by Elizabeth All-de for Nathaniel Butter. An. Dom...1630.

In another book Dekker finds an ingenious way of insinuating the fact that this was the seventh printing:

English Villanies Six Severall Times Prest to Death by the Printers; But (still reviving againe) are now the seventh time (as at first) discovered by Lanthorne and Candle-light.

John Lyly was another of the famous writers of his time who did not object to a little cheer on his title-pages, though it is interesting to observe that for the most part the books that have proved most important appeared, then as now, without too heavy self-acclaim. But there's a certain charm about the famous "Euphue" when it announces its own merits:

Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit. Verie pleasant for all Gentlemen to reade, and most necessarie to remember. Wherein are contained the delights that Wit followeth in his youth, by the pleasantnes of loue: and the happinesse he reapeth in age, by the perfectnes of wisedome. By Iohn Lilie, Master of Art. Corrected and augmented. At London, Printed for William Leake...1613.

* * *

The gusto of the time appears at its liveliest, not unnaturally, in anonymous title-pages. For instance there is "The Cony-Catching Bride." The title-page continues:

Who after she was privately married in a Conventicle or Chamber, according to the new Fashion of Marriage: She sav'd her selfe very handsomely from being Coney-caught, couzened her old Father, her Bride-groome Mr. Toby, and caused a generall laughter amongst all the Guests thither invited. This Wedding, or rather Mock-Marriage was kept privately in London, and is now published to the view of the World for Mirth-sake. Together with A Sermon, Preached by a pragmaticall Cobler, at the aforesaid Wedding, comparing the Duties of Marriage to the Utensils of his Trade. Printed at London by T. F....1643.

This one is quite contemporary in its flick at the then junior generation:

HIC MVLIER: Or, The Man-Woman: Being a Medicine to cure the Coltish Disease of the Staggers in the Masculine-Feminine, of our Times. Exprest in a briefe Declamation. London printed for I. T....1620.

Among writers whose names are little familiar to us now, Richard Brathwaite and Thomas Churchyard were sound men at a blurb. Tom Churchyard liked to get in a line about the pleasure the reader would have if he would only buy the book:

The Worthines of Wales: VVherein are more then a thousand seuerall things rehearsed: some set out in prose to the pleasure of the Reader, and with such varietie of verse for the beautifying of the Book, as no doubt shall delight thousands to vnderstand. Which worke is enterlarded with many wonders and right strange matter to consider of: All the which labour and deuice is drawne forth and set out by Thomas Churchyard, to the glorie of God, and honour of his Prince and Countrey. Imprinted at London, by G. Robinson, for Thomas Cadman...1587.

Brathwaite, whether appearing over his own name or pseudonymously, had a terse but excellently effective brand of cajolery. His "Ar't Asleepe Husband?" he anatomized as

A Boulster Lecture; Stored With all variety of witty jeasts, merry Tales, and other pleasant passages; Extracted From the choicest flowers of Philosophy, Poesy, antient and moderne History. Illustrated with Examples of incomparable constancy, in the excellent History of Philocles and Doriclea. By Philogene Panedonius. London, Printed by R. Bishop, for R. B. or his Assignes...1640.

Two other Brathwaite title-pages that appeal to me are:

Essaies vpon the Five Senses, with a pithie one vpon Detraction. Continued With sundry Christian Resolues, full of passion and deuotion, purposely composed for the zealously disposed. By Rich: Brathwayt Esquire. London, Printed by E: G: for Richard Whittaker...1620.

and

The English Gentlewoman, drawne out to the full body: Expressing, What Habilliments doe best attire her, What Ornaments doe best adorne her, What Complements doe best accomplish her. By Richard Brathwait. London, Printed by B. Alsop and T. Favvcet, for Michaell Sparke...1631.

* * *

So you can imagine the seventeenth century book buyer, as he loitered along the stalls in Paul's Churchyard, conning these eloquent title-pages and trying to make up his mind. Presumably then as now the word of a friend was more efficacious than the snappiest blurb. Those title-pages were pretty obviously just advertising, as poor advertising always is. Shrewd advertising is usually indirect. The cleverest example of it that I've seen lately is a card displayed in many bookstores. How unobtrusively yet how insinuatingly, without even mentioning its origin, it takes sides in the rivalry of transatlantic shipping:

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Books of Special Interest

The Indian Side

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MEDAL. By EDWARD THOMPSON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. $1.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD SWIGGETT

THERE is a mass of material from which a philosophy of cruelty might be written. We think we know something of the causes of individual cruelty, but little has been written to account for the mass-cruelties of men. Even today men may do almost anything to another group of men without the condemnation of their own group. This is their particular privilege in dealing with dark or weak peoples. White minorities in dark places of the earth have a special set of symbols to account for their actions. In India, Haiti, Mexico, and Mississippi they see a perpetual threat to their women from the native. The sanctity which they desire to throw around their women (never mind other women) leads them into such excesses as followed the Indian Mutiny. In fact Chirol feels that if English women had not gone out to India the whole history of India would possibly have been different.

All this may be true and the British sack of Delhi in the Mutiny, or the massacre at Amritsar are still unaccounted for. How do men as unlike as the poet Keats and General Nicholson come from England? How does it happen that the gentle priest at Clongowes, whom Stephen Daedalus loved, should be in life the brother of Sir Michael O'Dwyer? How can men have behaved with such ferocious cruelty in India in 1919, and be brothers of the troops, whose discipline Lord Plumer could not guarantee in Cologne unless there was food for the German population. The only possible answer seems to be that men have a certain behavior they permit themselves in foreign lands, which they tend to regard as heroic when it is usually stupid and heartless. Their group approves of this code. In one of Ouida's books the beau ideal of all one can hope to be is Alan Bertie whose terrible backhand saber-stroke "made Bertie's Horse the most famous of all the wild irregulars of the East."

This book looks at The Other Side of the Medal in no very conclusive fashion. There are some sixty pages of quotation from primary sources about the Mutiny, none of it new or particularly important, except as a reminder that the massacre of Amritsar is of very ancient lineage. It is only fair, however, to the author to state that he apparently does not think it very important except as the text for a sincere statement of the shadows the Mutiny has left over India. The memory of it and years of oppression is deep in the minds of Northern India and is spreading South. It is the author's hope that the Mutiny may be omitted from the books that go to Indian school-boys, and from other histories unless there is a scrupulous paralleling of Indian and British accounts. Mostly though he hopes it will be forgotten, or at least that Englishmen will see in the Indian side of it ". . . the passions of suffering men like ourselves. With such men an understanding is possible and friendship and forgiveness."

The book is obviously a sincere, and even a brave attempt to set down an Englishman's awareness of the cruelties of British rule in India. This is not as rare a phenomenon as it used to be, so that there is less excuse for doing it as ineffectively as this book does. The writing is awkward and uninspired. Speaking of the fact that Englishmen are not all friends he has the following idea: "That we have endured so much gainsaying of men with, on the whole, so much dignity and quietness, is now being reckoned to us for righteousness." It is only fair to add that such sentences are most frequent early in the book.

Old as the material is, one realizes what effective writing could have been made out of it by Mark Sullivan, Lawrence Perry, or Morris Markey. The book has some quotations from the Bible, Shakespeare, and John Bunyan which might have been left to someone who could use them in the Montague manner.

Stanlius V. Henkels, dean of American book auctioneers, died at his home in Philadelphia April 23 at the age of 73. Mr. Henkels attained international reputation as as an authority on rare books, prints, autograph letters and manuscripts.

Flying to the Pole

OUR POLAR FLIGHT. By ROALD AMUNDSEN and LINCOLN ELLSWORTH. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by EDWARD P. WARNER

THERE has been no time to forget the bold leap into the North made by Amundsen, Ellsworth, and their four companions, even in a world satiated with sensation and quick to turn from the old thriller to the new. The publication of the full written account of the expedition follows less than six months after that startling return to civilization at Spitzbergen of the little party long before given up as lost by practically everyone. It would be evident that the manuscript had to be rushed to the press, even if that were not frankly avowed by one of the authors, who interpolates in his contribution an occasional lament over the severity of literary labors and the inexorable advance of time towards the promised publication date.

Although two members of the expedition, its commanding officer and its chief financial backer, are listed as the authors, "Our Polar Flight" is actually divided into six parts written by four different members of the party that made the flight and two of those who stayed behind. There appears to have been no attempt to secure uniformity of style and some of the contributors show clearly that other tools come to their hands more familiarly than does the pen, but there is no pretension of literary merit or of offering anything except a straightforward story of an incredible adventure.

Whether or not the prospective gain was worth the hazard is something which each reader may decide for himself. The expedition seems to have been marked by an astonishing willingness to take a chance in the vague expectation that things would turn out all right somehow, a quality perhaps best displayed when one of the flying boats calmly set off for the North with its pilot fully aware, even before he actually took his departure from the ice at Spitzbergen, that the hull had been damaged, that it would certainly leak badly in case of a landing in the water, and would probably sink within a short time.

Whether or not the trip was worth while as exploration, the printed record is a high tribute to the men who made up the party and who shared inconceivable hardships. After many days of living on reduced rations totaling scarcely half a pound of food per day, and after started tracks had several times been wrecked by shifting ice, the temptation to let go and await the end must have been stronger than dwellers by the fireside in temperate climates can well realize,—yet with hope undimmed, the little group started again to shift their five-ton boat over a ridge of ice and onto another floe and to clear away the 300 tons of ice and snow which obstructed the new track, and after a first false start even there Riiser-Larsen, the pilot, could still turn to a companion with the remark, "I hope you are not disappointed. We'll do better next time."

No less extraordinary than the individual courage, which each of the accounts evidences, is the unity of purpose and action that stands out. After three weeks of living on short rations in the cramped quarters provided by the hull of a seaplane, with death by exposure and exhaustion ever waiting just around the corner, the explorers still held not only their confidence in themselves but their confidence in and their affection for each other. Amundsen pays high tribute to Ellsworth and Riiser-Larsen, Riiser-Larsen to Amundsen and Ellsworth, and so with the other members of the party. As one reads of the trip now, it is almost impossible to believe that men actually extricated themselves from such a position as the Amundsen expedition occupied on June 1st. Had energy been diffused on differences of policy, the extrication would have been not only difficult to believe but impossible to accomplish.

The Beaumont Press has just issued its twentieth publication, a volume of essays by Arthur Symons, entitled "Parisian Nights," dealing with artistic and literary personalities of the "eighteen-nineties," and certain of the once notorious dancing halls and cabarets in the fascinating quarter of Montmartre. The book was hand-set and printed in black with title-page design by Wynham Payne, together with a cover design in three colors by the same artist.

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Official Confirmation

of our opinion of *The Practice of Teaching in the Secondary School* is beginning to come in. We quote in part from William McAndrew, Superintendent of Schools, Chicago, who says in the *Educational Review*:

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And W. E. Garrison in the *Christian Century* says: ". . . the recognition of the objectives is a matter of importance to all. . . . I am solicitous that it shall not be overlooked by the many who ought to read it but to whom the title will suggest something too exclusively technical. . . ."

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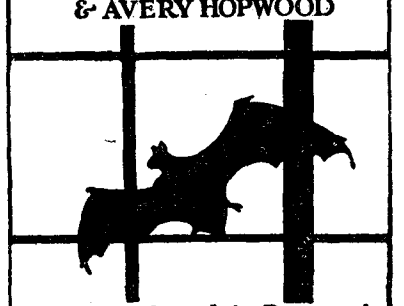

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A Letter from France

By René Galland

M. PAUL SOUDAY, *the* great literary critic in *Le Temps*, typifies the older generation of Frenchmen who do not feel at home in the literature from across the Channel and have no means of appraising it save through translations. On the other hand, writers like André Gide, Ed. Jaloux, Valéry Larbaud, who, besides creative work, do much criticism, have today a first-hand knowledge of the English classics, and have labored to make them more widely known. Consequently books on Shakespeare, Shelley and Byron are sure to find eager crowds in France to read them. Besides this there is academic criticism. The number of scholarly works on English literature has multiplied in similar ratio to the number of students in the Universities, and hardly a year has passed since 1920 without bringing to light some monograph devoted to an English writer.

Professor Saurat's volume: "La Pensée de Milton" (Alcan), done into English as "Milton, Man and Thinker," was the first of a series of more or less bulky theses. Dr. Digeon followed suit with his most pleasant book on "The Novels of Fielding," (Hachette). Last year, Paul Dottin gave us a Defoe (Presses Universitaires de France), in three volumes, and Paul Yvon a hardly less considerable Walpole (same). Meanwhile pious hands were editing Lt. Chelli's posthumous work on Massinger's Drama, (Belles-Lettres), and would have done the same for his second thesis on Massinger's collaboration with Fletcher, but lack of funds prevented them. Lately we have seen the first volume of a great work on Swift by Emile Pons; "La jeunesse de Swift," (Istra, Strasbourg) and the masterly treatment of difficult problems fosters impatient expectations of the promised sequel. Other theses on H. G. Wells and Andrew Marvell, Swinburne and Greene are either ready for the press or shortly to be so and in due time they will be discussed before the Aeropague at the Sorbonne.

To understand the present output and vitality of English studies in French, one must realize the preparation which silently went on in the eighties and nineties under those pioneers, Beljame and Angellier, and which was carried on by Professors Legouis and Cazamian. Their magnum opus has just been completed and published, in the shape of an "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise," which I should like to commend to your attention. Up to the present we had only two French works on the subject. For the sake of brevity, I shall refer to them by their authors' names, as Taine and Jusserand. Taine had the merit of opening wide avenues in what looked in the fifties like an impenetrable forest. His English literature will ever be read for its intrinsic qualities, even though the main theories in it are exploded quite. But it is no longer up to date, had even no claim to be so when it appeared, leaving out Browning, as it did. As to M. Jusserand, his "Histoire Littéraire du Peuple Anglais" stops shortly after Shakespeare's death, and his is an historical rather than literary standpoint. Of course there were handbooks, but one felt the need of a great survey on the same lines as the standard history of French literature by Professor Lanson. The aim of the latter was to write a history neither of civilization, nor of thought, but of *literature*. Similarly the object of Prof. Legouis is to dwell on the literary side, to direct the attention of the reader to the masterpieces or most significant works, and through them to trace the progress of the artistic sense in England. He has written the first section, which goes from the Dark Ages to 1660. The second from 1660 to 1924 is Professor Cazamian's. The differences to be noticed in the treatment of each portion are due partly to the matter, partly to the temperament of the collaborators. The former is a poet's, as every reader of his books on Chaucer, Spenser and Wordsworth knows well. The latter is more that of a scientist, with a passionate desire to discover the laws of literary phenomena. Consequently, whilst Professor Legouis, who is as sound a scholar as one can wish, has written a survey which reminds one of Jusserand's, with more literature kneaded into it, Prof. Cazamian, who does not lack a subtle æsthetic sense, has studied the psychology of the English people through the writers and, in doing so, has made an attempt somewhat similar to Taine's, the difference, a capital one, being that he has left out his predecessor's hard determinism.

In his unbiassed survey Legouis discerns two groups of tendencies, summing up and corresponding to the romantic and classical needs of the times. These alternate periodically, according to a rhythm which grows quicker and quicker and expresses itself in the literary works of a given period. After the Elizabethan age, with its dominant romantic tendencies of imagination and sensibility, the Restoration paves the way to the classical age. Under Queen Anne the latter triumphs, then declines and survives itself through the eighteenth century, whilst Romanticism prepares its reappearance. And so on, from 1800 to 1832 (romantic period), from 1832 to 1875 (*recherche de l'équilibre*), from 1875-1914 (neo-romantic tendencies). To be sure, the individual writer is occasionally split into fragments (*e.g.*, Dryden), according to the exigencies of the grouping. It might be said that this second portion has no heroes, but *one* collective, immortal hero, viz., the soul of a people, one in its complex variety and through the manifold expressions of its tendencies.

A great work and a useful work!—I have written of it at length, and yet I should like to mention also the *Revue Anglo-Américaine*, with the above-named professors and their Colleague, M. Castre, as directors; the "Collection Shakespeare," headed by Professor Koszul, of the University of Strasbourg, with eight plays already out: text and translation on opposite pages, blank verse rendering blank verse, rhymes answering rhymes, a marvel of poetic accuracy; also the good work done with Blake in Bordeaux under the supervision of Professor Berger, one of the few men having real insight into the subject.

* *

And now to turn to other matters; the death of the novelist René Boylesve, last January, was mourned in our literary circles, but barely mentioned elsewhere. Boylesve, an exquisite painter of pastels, or of scenes that remind one of his beloved Watteau, was careful to avoid *éclat*, to find the right tone of beautiful grey, and to attain the neat elegance of the old masters. Therefore, although connoisseurs enjoyed him, he remained "caviare to the general," and twelve years after his first book was published, there had not yet been a demand for a second impression of any of his works.

Boylesve was only a pen-name. Born in 1867 in Touraine, he adopted it sometime in the nineties. It was his mother's name. His work reflects a two-fold personality. On the one hand, he loves to call up eighteenth-century shades, sweet marquises and delightful roués, and to show, in Rostand's words, "l'amour dans un parc jouant du flûteau." On the other hand, he observes and describes provincial life in preautomobile times, dealing chiefly with the family aspects of it, relating the sorrows inflicted by narrow-minded parents on sensitive souls, like that of Madeleine in "La jeune fille bien élevée" or of "L'enfant à la balustrade." Read the latter, and you will get as true an idea as you could wish of a small French provincial town in those days as well as an insight into Boylesve's soul, for this child is himself.

It would be quite easy to read such studies in repression in the light of Freudian theories and, no doubt, some thesis-monger will work out the idea, suggested by the novelist himself, that from his first book (Le Médecin des Dames de Néans, 1897) down to "Madeleine Jeune Femme" (1913) he was in his own way studying cases that would have interested the Viennese scientist. Look beneath the unobstrusive elegance of his writings and you will discover an acute analysis of the mute sufferings of revolt, along with a throbbing sympathy for them.

Boylesve's final motto might well have been the title of his own war-book: "Tu N'es Plus Rien." Certain people would say that the best of sentimentalists and voluptuaries are bound to end as disenchanted ascetics. But was not the ascetic there all along? The ascetic in him must have inspired the writer of "Elise," that sad story of a deserted woman.

In closing, it may be worth while to draw our readers' attention to the appearance in book form of André Gide's first novel "Les Faux Monnayeurs." This does not deal with a conspiracy to hasten the fall of the franc, but is a story of some more or less intelligent, more or less vicious young men, ending with the suicide of one of them. The author, who calls his previous books "stories," such as "Straight is the Gate" and "The Vatican Swindle," has tried this time to produce a "novel," that is to say, an intricate psychological study, with many characters and dove-tailed plots. Dostoïevsky has no doubt greatly influenced M. Gide, during these last few years.

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Foreign Literature

Ayala's Latest

TIGRE JUAN, and EL CURANDERO DE SU HONRA. By RAMON PEREZ DE AYALA. Madrid: Editorial Pueyo. 1926. 2 vols.

Reviewed by WILFRED A. BEARDSLEY
Goucher College

FOR several years Pérez de Ayala has been exploiting a rich story-telling vein. He started out in 1904 with a volume of verse which won praise from such masters as Ruben Darío. Then he made an excursion into the novel. He further enhanced his reputation with short stories and dramatic criticism, after which he returned to more verse and more novels. To Americans he is known as the author of the "Fox's Paw," published here about a year ago. His latest work is a two-volume novel centering around the fantastic and very Spanish figure of Tiger John, vendor of medicinal herbs and bleeder of the oversanguine population of the little town of Pilares.

Succinctly stated, "Tigre Juan" is the love story of a bitter soul who in youth had almost killed his wife for suspected infidelity. She soon dies from neglect. Tigre Juan blames the whole sex for his unhappiness. Meanwhile, an adopted son, Colás, proposes to a certain young lady, Herminia, who refuses him. Tigre Juan now notices the girl for the first time, and gradually his objections to the sex fade away. He marries her, but Tigre Juan is too rough. The girl decides to run away from him, though she cares nothing for the man who offers her a chance. She is brought back soon afterward, and everyone expects the Tigre to kill her. Instead he opens an artery in his arm with the meritorious intention of freeing his wife, not neglecting first to deed her all his property. Of course he gets well instead of dying, and Herminia realizes that her apparent fear of the Tigre is only the other side of love, so all ends in a pink glow of happiness. To complete the picture, one of the closing scenes shows Tigre Juan raptly taking care of his own baby. The tiger becomes a pussy-cat.

The plot, like most plots, means practically nothing when retailed and boiled down like this. Action is at all times slight; there is far more thinking and talking than doing. Yet the story misses most of the usual pitfalls of the love-story, as it is neither decadently erotic nor is it trashy and melodramatic. The outward chase of love does not interest Pérez de Ayala; he follows the inward struggle, usually with self rather than with the other person. To Tigre Juan love meant the painful abandonment of a life-long theory that infidelity deserved nothing less than death; it is true that his wife was entirely innocent, but he suffered all the pain of supposing her guilty. The spiritual worlds of both were demolished, and from the resulting chaos a bright light of understanding was thrown upon their souls. Thus the novel becomes a plea for self-understanding as against obedience to an outside code. This advice, of course, is still apropos in Spain, as the Spaniard is generally a devotee to the *pundonor*. In America standards of honor are sufficiently chaotic—or should I say individualized?—to suit all types.

Stylistically, Pérez de Ayala is a delightful innovator. In "Tigre Juan" he has broken several of the usual literary canons. For instance, the novel is set up quite naturally with one broad column across the page while Tigre Juan and Herminia are together; when Herminia runs away, there are two parallel columns down the page. The life of the Tigre is related in one, that of Herminia in the other. While this is obviously artistic charlatanry, it somehow gives no offense when first noticed.

Again he departs from the tradition—though perhaps not so far from the practice—of the professional novelist when he offers two endings to the story. He announces at a certain chapter-end that the tale of Tigre Juan is now completed, and he then writes fifty pages more to prove it. This should be fatal to the reader's interest if he has survived all the previous hurdles, but I wager that the average reader's curiosity would be piqued to the point of wishing to find out what more the author could possibly say. He would find it largely philosophical conversation concerning the actors in the preceding drama, and perhaps Pérez de Ayala was rather clever in this matter after all. The callous soul who demands action and definiteness can stop at this point, assured that nothing more will happen, while others who like to ramble through fresh spiritual and intellectual pastures can do so with a guide who thinks everything important. To him nothing in life is unworthy of contemplation; no theory is so settled that it cannot be revamped. This is the trait, incidentally, which marks Pérez de Ayala as a true Spaniard; to him the objective and the material are but the veriest fractions of reality. Any thought is more sacred than any thing; personality is more important than organization. In "Tigre Juan" Pérez de Ayala has created a character impossible and yet natural, obviously exaggerated yet in the end restrained; Tigre Juan is an obstinate fool, but he is a glorious fool. At the end of the narrative the author has introduced several hundred lines of excellent verse, as a sort of spiritual nirvana for Tigre Juan.

Miguel de Unamuno once called his novel "Niebla a Nívola" ("mist"), not a *novela*. By this play on words he meant that in his book reality was seen hazily as through a crepuscular dimness. This term *nívola* applies quite as well to "Tigre Juan" as it did to Unamuno's "Niebla;" reality is again seen dimly, but it is a mellow dimness reminiscent of some mediæval cathedral.

Foreign Notes

THE annual Shakespeare festival at Stratford-on-Avon, culminated this year in the celebration of the actual birthday of this greatest of immortals. This year's festival, held soon after the destruction of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre by fire, was given added interest on that account. Never before, it is said, have the celebrations been so enthusiastic or the town so crowded with visitors of all nationalities. In the unfurling in the center of the town of flags of different nations by representatives who came to Stratford especially to pay honor to the memory of the poet, twenty more flags were unfurled than ever before, and sixty-three nations were represented in all. Nearly every large city in England had a special Shakespearian performance. There were special programs at the Haymarket Theatre in London, and at Stratford-on-Avon. The English press is making a great effort to raise sufficient funds to replace the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon with a building which will reproduce the main features of the theatre of Shakespeare's time and combine with them all modern equipment necessary to the staging of all great productions.

Part of the manuscript of Thomas Hardy's "A Pair of Blue Eyes," recently brought £1,500 at Hodgson's in London. W. T. Spencer, rare bookdealer, was the buyer. The portion sold comprises about one-half of the original manuscript—all that is now in existence—and shows many changes from the printed version, the first chapter being so completely revised that only a few words remain in the printed text.

The list of demands during the four weeks ending January 23, for the first editions of British authors, compiled from the desiderata of booksellers, printed in the February *Bookman's Journal*, contains sixty authors, the ten at the head of the list being Rudyard Kipling, Charles Dickens, Sir Rider Haggard, Henry James, George Gissing, Norman Douglas, Sir J. M. Barrie, Sir Hugh Clifford, Joseph Conrad, and Anthony Trollope.

Bernard Quaritch, the London rare book dealer, has in preparation reproductions of the original editions of William Blake's "Songs of Innocence," and "Songs of Experience." The reproductions are being made under the supervision of William Muir, who has been reproducing Blake's works since 1884. The medium of reproduction will be that employed by Blake himself, the outlines printed from etched plates and handcolored.

By a happy coincidence the London *Graphic* has been able to publish, on the exact aniversary of the setting out from York in 1863 of Robert Louis Stevenson, with his father and mother and his nurse, Cummy, an account of a pilgrimage to the Riviera. The journey was recorded in a diary of some 33,000 words, written by Cummy, which has recently come into the possession of R. T. Skinner of Donaldson's Hospital, Edinburgh, and will soon be published in book form. It makes a most interesting addition to Stevensoniana, not least because of the [illegible] by Stevenson.

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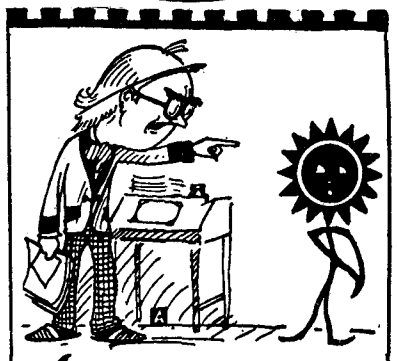

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

HOW TO DISTINGUISH THE SAINTS IN ART. By MAJOR ARTHUR DE BLES. With many illustrations. New York: Art Culture Publications. 1925.

With lighthearted enthusiasm and a plethoric scrap book Major de Bles has undertaken a task which requires more scholarship than he commands. The single advantage of this album is its presentation of much novel illustrative material, but this is grouped inconveniently on crowded plates in disregard of chronology, and with a confusing system of reference from picture to caption. However, with some diligence the reader will generally manage to spot his saint. He must expect occasionally to be left in the lurch. He will miss the Blessed Agostino Novello, St. Peter of Luxembourg, S. Galgano and S. Vittorio. The hunt of the unicorn, a very interesting symbol for the annunciation, is not mentioned under that fabulous beast (p. 39). Under skull (p. 29) we miss its use under crucifixes and on the Hill Golgotha. Under Holy Ghost (p. 34) there is no mention of the representation of the Trinity by three identical persons. On page 23 the chronology of three and four nails in a crucifixion is reversed. Giotto (p. 64) neither painted the first historical Last Supper in western art, nor did he paint the particular Last Supper concerning which the observation is made, nor yet was he, being born a century too late, the "friend" (p. 121) of St. Francis. The "St. Christopher," by Cano, on page 92 is, from his flowering rod, clearly a St. Joseph. This array of omissions and errors gathered from a mere skimming of the book gives a sufficient notion of its defects.

THE ART IN PAINTING. By *Albert C. Barnes.* Harcourt, Brace. $6.

MASTERS OF MODERN ART. VAN GOGH. By *Paul Colin.* Dodd, Mead. $1.75.

MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME. Volume V. Italy: American Academy in Rome.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH WALLPAPER. 1509-1914. By *Alan Victor Sugden* and *John Ludlam Edmondson.* Scribner.

ENGLISH ROOMS AND THEIR DECORATION AT A GLANCE. By *Charles H. Hayward.* Putnam.

ITALIAN SCULPTORS. By *W. G. Waters.* Doran. $4 net.

Belles Lettres

INTELLECTUAL VAGABONDAGE: An Apology for the Intelligentsia. By FLOYD DELL. 1926. $1.25.

Mr. Dell's essay is an apology for the "intelligentsia" if we take that term to designate those who rank ideas by their currency rather than by their validity, those who follow intellectual fashions and can write history as a single-track account of the world's preparation for their own arrival. This is, of course, not an unreasonable attitude and the happy swiftness of Mr. Dell in threading the past makes it seem more reasonable than it is.

The first part of the book is a brief retrospect over "Literature and the Machine Age" in which the direct relation between writers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and certain ideas current in their time may be put more literally than the facts would justify. For example, Meredith's tendency to seek in his characters "those essential flaws in their composition by which they are doomed to failure" is due to "Darwinian influence." What prophetic Darwinism infected the great writers before Meredith who nearly all, in tragic or comic spirit, sought those same flaws? And while to say that Dickens and Thackeray made people laugh and cry when they did not want to think is doubtless true, to imply that they had no truth to tell those who did by any blessed chance "want to think" is a subtle misreading of outworn modes of social criticism.

Mr. Dell does not pretend, of course, that he is writing a history of thought in general. He says "we felt" and "we thought" and one may narrow the pronoun to as small a group as one pleases—even sometimes to the individual telling the tale. Otherwise there is no way to explain anachronisms in the sequence of ideas; what we are given is not their emergence in the world but the order of their currency among these chosen members of the intelligentsia.

The second part of the essay is most important. Mr. Dell has remembered and can describe with insinuating sympathy the divagations along which he and his friends suffered to their spiritual maturity. From pretensions to physical vagabondage, from oriental hedonism, from art for art's sake and a quiveringly unhappy detachment, they were saved by H. G. Wells. Winging his hope with science, Mr. Wells brought Change back into a sick world and the young men became servants of the future. But the war broke up their new faith and now, growing tired (the men of the generation Mr. Dell describes must be all of forty), they "wish life to be represented as too much out of joint to be set right by their feeble efforts." They are vagabonds again and anxious for new youth to forge the new ideals so badly needed. It is a swift and vicious world in which a generation of men can be plucked, so to speak, before they have ripened. It is to be hoped that there were some who lived outside the killing fevers of the intelligentsia circles and who are now just getting ready to show what they are good for.

A CABINET OF CHARACTERS. Chosen and Edited by *Gwendolyn Murphy.* Oxford University Press.

CAGLIOSTRO. By *W. R. H. Trowbridge* Brentano's. $3.50.

KIPLING AND HIS SOLDIERS. By *Patrick Braybrooke.* Lippincott.

SHERIDAN TO ROBERTSON. By *Ernest Bradlee Watson.* Harvard University Press. $5.

A CASUAL COMMENTARY. By *Rose Macaulay.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

A COMPARISON OF POETRY AND MUSIC. By *Sir W. H. Hadow.* Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

FROM GOETHE TO HAUPTMANN. By *Camelo Von Klenze.* Viking Press. $2.50.

THE BOOK OF THE ROGUE. Edited by *Joseph Lewis French.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

NOTORIOUS LITERARY ATTACKS. Edited by *Albert Mordell.* Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

SHAKESPEARE. A Survey. By *E. K. Chambers.* Oxford University Press. $2.50.

THE FOOL IN CHRIST. By *Gerhart Hauptmann* Translated by *Thomas Seltzer,* with a Preface by *Ernest Boyd.* Viking Press. $2.50.

DON QUIXOTE. By *Miguel De Cervantes.* Two vols. Knopf. $7.50.

WARRIORS IN UNDRESS. By *F. J. Hudleston.* Little, Brown. $3.50.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS NEW SERIES. Edited by *J. C. Squire.* SWINBURNE. By *Harold Nicolson.* HERMAN MELVILLE. By *John Freeman.* Macmillan. $1.25 each.

Biography

UNDER THE BLACK HORSE FLAG. By ISABEL ANDERSON. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $4.

Sir Francis Bacon once wrote, "It is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay, or to see a fair timber tree sound and perfect; how much more perfect to behold a family which has stood against the waves and weathers of time." Such a family were the Welds, the maternal ancestors of Mrs. Anderson, of whom she fondly writes in this book. From the fourteenth century the Welds played a prominent rôle in English life, as well as later in the life of colonial and maritime New England. Several men of the family distinguished themselves in both the Revolution and the Civil War.

Her father, George Hamilton Perkins, fought under Farragut at New Orleans and at Mobile Bay. In the latter engagement he won distinction when the iron-clad "Chickasaw," which he commanded, forced the surrender of the great Confederate ram "Tennessee."

Mrs. Anderson has gathered together a wealth of spirited anecdotes of the sea, gleaned largely from the logs of the clipper ships owned by her family, and sailing under the Black Horse flag. Though her book can hardly be said to be a distinct contribution to our naval history, yet it does throw many interesting side-lights on some of the activities of the Navy during the Rebellion. Her historical allusions are not entirely accurate. For example, she states that Maximilian was executed in 1887, and she calls Esek Hopkins, the first Commodore of the American Navy, "Beal" Hopkins; but in the main, her work has been well done, and shows a considerable amount of painstaking research.

THE LOG OF A TIMBER CRUISER. By WILLIAM PINKNEY LAWSON. Duffield. 1926. $2.50.

Gifford Pinchot says this story is "A real record of real things." The author, formerly an emloyee of the Forest Service, gives a picture of a field party at work estimating the stand of merchantable timber on the Gila National Forest north of Silver City, New Mexico. Bob Moak, it seems, is the real hero of the story—a painstaking lumberman of experience, who keeps up with the hard physical work, notwithstanding his advanced years. There is the usual tenderfoot, adventures with hydrophobia, skunks, mountain lions, rattlers, rain, wind, unruly pack animals, and rugged topography. The book is well illustrated but rather commonplace in its attempt to provide amusement and exciting adventure.

AFTER THE BALL. Forty Years of Melody. By *Charles K. Harris.* New York: Frank Maurice. $4.

DEAN BRIGGS. By *Rollo Walter Broun.* Harper.

THE TILLMAN MOVEMENT IN SOUTH CAROLINA. By *Francis Butler Simkins.* Duke University

"RUBY ROBERT," alias Bob Fitzsimmons. By *Robert W. Davis.* Doran. $1.50 net.

JAMES COLLES. By *Emily Johnston de Forest.* Privately printed.

WHEN JAMES GORDON BENNETT WAS CALIPH OF BAGDAD. Funk & Wagnalls. $2 net.

LETTERS FROM WILLIAM BLAKE TO THOMAS BUTTS. Oxford University Press. $8.50.

ANATOLE FRANCE AT HOME. By *Marcel Le Goff.* Adelphi. $2.50 net.

FRANZ LISZT. By *Guy de Portalès.* Translated by *Eleanor Stimson Brooks.* Holt. $2.50.

FORTY IMMORTALS. By *Benjamin De Casseres.* New York: Joseph Lawren.

GEORGE MEREDITH. By *William Chislett, Jr.* Badger.

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER BROWN & SONS. By *Frank R. Kent.* Baltimore: Norman A. T. Munder & Co.

Business

THE RAILROAD FREIGHT SERVICE. By *Grover G. Huebner* and *Emory R. Johnson.* Appleton. $5.

ADVERTISING. Its Problems and Methods. By *John H. Cover.* Appleton. $3.

Classics

THIRTEEN EPISTLES OF PLATO. Introduction, Translation, and Notes by L. A. POST. Oxford University Press. 1925. $1.70.

It seems a shame to pick on the title of this excellent little book, but to prefix a "Thirteen" to the time-honored "Letters of Plato" was just a bit too bad of the Delegates. As in them it cannot be due to preciosity, we are forced to explain it as fetichism. But "Thirteen Letters" would have been just as lucky a title and more veracious. There are, of course, that many of them, but not all, if indeed any, are Plato's. The translator himself accepts only nine, and that is much farther than any but the boldest will go.

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(*Continued on next page*)

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Classics

(*Continued from preceding page*)

in the letters themselves is compared to the adventures of Odysseus and in Lucian to the Sicilian disaster of Niclas. They have been much discussed recently, and drawn upon as material for Plato's life. A translation was in point, especially as Jebb did not include them, and Mr. Post's version is extremely satisfactory, being both readable and sound. His introductions and notes, too, contain much that is valuable and hard to procure otherwise.

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. Translated by R. D. *Hicks.* Putnam. 2 vols. $2.50 each.

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Fiction

THE UNCHANGING QUEST. By PHILIP GIBBS. Doran. 1926. $2.

There would seem to be many unchanging quests of man, the quest for God, for truth, for beauty, for happiness, —but anyone familiar with the work of Philip Gibbs could be sure to which particular quest the title of his latest novel refers. It is that search for amity among nations, for mutual understanding and tolerance, to which humanity, unfortunately for itself, has hitherto devoted only its spare moments. In fact, any of the books written by Philip Gibbs since the war might appropriately have been entitled "Lest We Forget." He is what the much misunderstood Nietzsche would have called a "good European;" he has succeeded Romain Rolland as the foremost exponent of international idealism, symbolizing in this, perhaps, the changed positions of France and England as cultural leaders.

A goodly number of critics will always be at hand to insist that propaganda ruins any work of art, thereby dismissing the Æneid, the Divine Comedy, Paradise Lost, and similar masterpieces. But, without claiming that Philip Gibbs has ever produced a great novel or is ever likely to do so, one may still maintain that he knows how to write a well-constructed interesting story with characters that live. "The Unchanging Quest" is well up with "The Middle of the Road" in these respects. Still, as with every born thinker in contrast to the born artist, the background of the story is the real foreground. It is the life of Europe from 1890 to 1920 in which Gibbs is fundamentally interested, and in the present volume he enables us to relive that life with more consciousness of its significance than anyone possessed at the time. The peaceful days of the nineties, the growing consciousness of German power, the opposition to the Czarist tyranny in Russia—and then the war, with bewildered soldiers at the front and hysterical hate-mouthing civilians in the rear—then the amazing post-war discoveries that Germans could be human beings and that Russian revolutionists could be something less—and finally a vision of characters that have been through war and revolution undefeated, without fear henceforward, having experienced the worst. No one knows better than Philip Gibbs the horrors of the great war or the horrors of the patched-up peace that followed it. His final words of courage, therefor, come from one who has earned the right to them.

THE SWINGING GODDESS. By MARJORIE CARLETON. Small, Maynard. 1926. $2.

Helga, the Goddess, is a Junoesque trapeze and tight-rope *artiste,* member of a celebrated circus family known as the "Daring Petersons." She has strong leanings toward a gentility alien to her people and environment, the ambition to break with her uncouth relatives and become a "lady." With this aim in view, she goes partially through college concealing the somewhat spectacular, but in no degree dishonorable, nature of her kin and past; then, still in disguise, she is engaged as the hired companion, and is soon the wife, (in name only) of a wealthy young, war-wrecked aristocrat. They grow to love each other, though the course of their affections' flowering is fraught with the usual difficulties, misunderstandings and squabbles, due chiefly to Helga's persistent refusal to disclose her identity and to her husband's natural indignation when her deception is unmasked. It is all very simple, lively, and not the least bit real, but spiritedly written and generously supplied with conventional theatricals.

SPANISH FAITH. By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY. Harpers. 1926. $2.

For constancy of violent action we know of few stories to rival Mr. Bellamy's lusty tale of adventure and treasure hunting in Mexico and the West Indies during the turbulent days of 1814. The hero, a Yankee privateersman just released from two years confinement in Dartmoor Prison, sets sail in company with other doughty souls to seek a mysterious chest buried by his late murdered uncle on the island of St. Thomas. The whirlwind movement of the plot sweeps the characters successively to regions of the New World remotely distant from each other, every halt being accompanied by a veritable bedlam of sanguinary conflicts. At length, with the villains properly punished and the fiercely fought-for prize in possession of its rightful heir, there is peace. Mr. Bellamy writes with distinct and praiseworthy traces of the Stevensonian manner.

ORDEAL BY MARRIAGE. By CONCORDIA MERREL. Doran. 1926. $2.

Handicapped by one of the worst beginnings we have found among the minor English novels of the day, Miss Merrel's story gathers strength and interest so rapidly that the original, trying exaggerations are soon gladly forgotten. Young Duan Harford, a silly ass, waster and gay boy, is faced with poverty after squandering an inherited fortune. Having no experience in ways of earning a livelihood, he is hard up against it when, providentially, an uncle dies, bequeathing to him the ownership of an old and prosperous business. Duan is prevented from turning his newly-acquired property into cash for a song by the sagacity of a bright young woman who holds a responsible position in the firm's employ. He at first resents her efforts to make a man of him, but succumbs to her vigor of character and the spell of her beauty. Reluctantly he submits to reformation, which is simplified by the girl's consenting to marry him in order to administer the cure to a successful completion. Their wedded life is stormy and inharmonious for a while, Duan still pining to be festive, but finally his wife's perseverence and his inherent manliness prevail.

THE LITTLE LESS. By AISHIE PHARALL. Appleton. 1926. $2.

Valentine Forrester, the heroine of this well written, but unduly repetitious, love story, is endowed with the excess of pulchritude common to her type and with the consequent, usual, exaggerated opinion of herself. We are assured that strong men who have once gazed upon her devastating beauty swoon thereafter from longing at the mere murmur of her name. In the immediate post-war days Valentine leaves her London employment to accompany, in a minor role, a relief commission whose scene of operations is Vienna. The author here uses to advantage the stage of the impoverished Austrian capital to display the kind of life led there by the ostensible saviors from other lands. Valentine falls in love with a handsome, Anglo-American jackanapes, a professional heartbreaker, who, though returning her affection, refuses to be bound to her by matrimony. His alternative is that she lives with him in sin, and Valentine, sorely tempted, but ever the wily, competent guardian of her virtue, never yields to the prospect completely. The greater portion of the book is made up of descriptions of wild parties and of the lovers incessantly hugging, kissing, cooing, and quarreling, with the male ever striving to break down the defenses of Valentine's chastity. Finally the pair call a truce, agreeing to part voluntarily and forever, Valentine at last beginning to realize that love is a vastly overrated emotion and that it is time she ceased being a coquettish trifler.

WHITE FIRE. LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE. Dutton. 1926. $2.

On reaching, in 1905, the age of 26, Louis Joseph Vance published his first novel. Since then he has published one a year. Some have dowered him with an especial fertility, and then—as in 1909, 1910, 1915, 1917, 1919, 1923—he has published two. Practice has made him more and more facile. It is, of course, ridiculous to quarrel with a man for writing too many books; but just what has Mr. Vance to say in this, his twenty-sixth product? To find out, one reads the story anxiously—the story of Tabor Wynne ("a Wynne of Philadelphia") whose wife betrays him.

It is a well-constructed story. Mr. Vance has been in the business long enough to know how to design his product. The plot plies back and forth, an adroit uneasy shuttle, following the faithless Mrs. Wynne through her hours of dubious bliss with her seducer, spinning its skeins around the stricken husband who is rescued from the despair of cuckoldom by the ministrations of an actress who is the offcast mistress of the man who misled his wife. When this lady, for no perceptible reason, also deserts Philadelphia's Wynne, the story has another task: it must follow her struggle for theatrical fame and rise to stardom. This Mr. Vance accomplishes by introducing a series of letters written by the actress-mistress to Mr. Wynne, many of them 2,000 words long, and all soaked in an incredible sentimentality.

But although Mr. Vance has been in the writing business long eonugh to have learned how to construct, he has never learned how to write. He believes, like that shaggy and mountainous journalist, Theodore Dreiser, that to compose spacious prose one merely needs to tassle a passage with a few words like "lambent," "revenant," "infatuate," "sordor," to turn some nouns into verbs, some adjectives into adverbs, and if possible to inject a French

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phrase, preferably "soigné" or "bien-élevé." This habit, combined with an unconquerable reluctance to call things by their names, induces some remarkable locutions:

Though it might seem no time at all since the Square has been making allowances for him on the grounds that boys will be boys, to allege that excuse—presuming what would be lamentable, any need to . . . on behalf of this finished product of today would be straining charity a bit.

It would be futile to make a collection of such grammatic gargoyles. This book is badly written, but the secret of its badness is not in its writing. It is bad because it is horribly synthetic. All the surfaces of metropolitan life, the patter of Greenwich Village, Broadway, Park Avenue, are presented with laborious accuracy, but never for a moment does the book breathe the air of this life, or shuffle with its rhythm. Mr. Vance describes a dining room, but you cannot help feeling that it lacks one wall; he tells you what his characters eat and drink, but you cannot rid yourself of the suspicion that they will get up hungry. The book is, after all, merely a conjuring trick: one more guinea-pig has emerged from the Vance high-hat—a sad-eyed creature. Like its predecessors, it will probably go quite successfully to market.

THE PRIDE OF THE TOWN. By DOROTHY WALWORTH CARMAN. Harpers. 1926. $2.

The virulent horrors of present-day provincial New England, its bigotry, blighting puritanism, and hereditary narrowness are somewhat harshly pictured in Mrs. Carman's newest novel. She elects a youthful husband and wife, Hypatia and Christopher, children of old, rigid Presbyterian families, but healthy, enlightened products of modernity, to rear the standard of revolt among these dour, crumbling antiques. Christopher, a born musician, is nearly submerged by the local commercialism, fraternal societies, civic organizations and business routine, while Hypatia, a bright soul who worships beauty and refuses to accept the teachings of Scripture as literal truths, is tried for heresy by her fellow church members. Religious intolerance and catch-penny materialism are the two monsters against which our wedded protagonists do battle. The struggle throughout is burdened with exaggerated details, intended to emphasize the repulsiveness of the enemy types, and these, unfortunately overdone to the verge of caricature, give one the impression of reading about people who had attained maturity by the middle of the last century rather than of those alive today. Except for this fault of unrestraint the novel is competent, entertaining, moderately humorous and thoughtful.

THE BLIND GODDESS. By ARTHUR TRAIN. Scribners. 1926. $2.

Mr. Train's publishers describe this book as the long-desired and long-awaited novel he could create from his vast legal and criminal knowledge and experience. Although he had written his short-stories about Mr. Tutt, his "On the Trail of the Bad Men," and other books employing that knowledge and experience, never before has he composed an elaborate full-length novel whose principal *mise-en-scène* is the courtroom; and one must confess that the prospect of such a novel is inviting. But one also must confess that the novel, now it has been done, is a disappointment.

It is a disappointment because its fable is melodramatic and unreal, because its satire is obvious and unimportant, because in spite of displaying the author's familiarity with his subject, it leaves behind nothing fresh or personal that Arthur Train, in distinction to every one else, has had to express or reveal. A certain objectivity of treatment was doubtless requisite in writing the novel; but at the same time a certain clear translation of what he saw and felt concerning the defects of American justice, into literary material the reader could see and feel, was requisite also. Mr. Train's indictment of the vices of American justice is colorless and in its literary motivation forced. It is satire on a low and ineffectual plane.

It stands on a low and ineffectual plane because the author has vitiated its force with a story that is without question claptrap. Its one value is that of readability. This story Mr. Train uses as a basis, first for convicting an innocent woman of murder on grounds of invulnerable circumstantial evidence, and second for delineating the corruption, the incompetence, and the time-serving of the legal machine which convicts. But when a melodramatic and barely possible story, enacted by puppets and not by human beings, is the agency for revealing such corruption and time-serving, the revelation has no force because it has no reality. When Dreiser in "An American Tragedy" shows a prosecution engineering a conviction, the whole exhibition rings true and gains an immediacy achieved through its human interest and the probability of its circumstances; but whether or not truth is stranger than fiction and the criminal courts are teeming with melodrama, Mr. Train's murder story and conviction of a defendant known to be innocent are ineffective, because the murder is preposterous and the defendant is unreal.

MR. RAMOSI. By VALENTINE WILLIAMS. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

"Mr. Ramosi" is the latest to be added to the fast-growing Williams list of detective stories. It concerns a conventional and high-minded young Englishman, an attractive American widow, and, of course, a "super-criminal." Mr. Ramosi plays the rôle of the latter and uses Egypt as the scene of his plottings. There are excursions to the Riviera, in general, and to Monte Carlo, in particular, but the departed kings of Egypt buried their treasures in the regions about Luxor, and this proves to be the most fertile field for the schemings of one who would possess himself of more than the wealth of Crœsus. Mr. Ramosi willingly stakes his life to accomplish the desired ends; this may be the reason why he enlists the reader's sympathy to a greater degree than the average detective story villain.

Mr. Williams has the true mystery-weaver's sense of detail, and has taken full advantage of the exotic setting of the land of the Pharaohs. The Egyptologist as well as the winter Mediterranean tripper will find much of interest in the book, in addition to the usual ingredients of the average "thriller." The author has absorbed local color, not from encyclopædias and reference books, but from actual familiarity with his chosen locale. Mr. Williams acted as correspondent for the *London Times* during the excavation of the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen.

SPORT OF THE GODS. By GROVE WILSON. New York: Frank-Maurice. 1926. $2.

Justin Carter, Jean Poussin, and Clarabel Mordaunt are the protagonists of this rather flimsy novel which is spun out to nearly three hundred pages. Carter, a wealthy scion of Harvard, is pitted against Poussin, a struggling young surgeon. Clarabel occupies a position possibly midway between, until she takes matters into her own hands and shapes her destiny in the ways that girls generally do in novels.

The story is readable, and human in its conception, although the psychological development reveals little that is new or refreshing. Mr. Wilson has laid his scene in New York City, "the city of romance," and makes the best of his opportunities to draw vivid contrasts between the homes of luxury and the hovels of poverty, and between their respective far-reaching effects. It is in his sociological observations that the author is happiest, and New York proves to be a well-equipped laboratory for investigation along these lines. The conclusion reached is that love refuses to debase itself for "the sport of the gods"—which is convincing if one happens to be so convinced.

MENDEL MARANTZ. By DAVID FREEDMAN. New York: Langdon. 1926. $2.

This book is a literary oddity. It concerns a Jewish humorist too lazy to work, gifted with spasms of inventive genius which net him a fortune, and inclined to observe human nature and in particular the members of his family. From the East Side he takes them to a life of luxury, only to lose his fortune when he perceives his children will be better off making their own way in life. The plot and characters are a mixture of reality and absurdity. The Marantz family speak in the idiom, though not with the broken accent, of Milt Gross's creations. Mendel himself turns by slow stages into a bore. For a time he is amusing, but his habit of making endless humorous definitions, according to the same formula, becomes in time intolerably monotonous. "What is style? A cane. You can do without it." "What is society? A subway rush. The more you squeeze in, the more they squeeze you out." These, and hundreds far worse, flow from Mendel without pause. Mr. Freedman's humor seems incapable of anything further. If one read a chapter or two of this book, one might find it passable. But reading it all, one can only inform Mr. Freedman that you cannot be a humorist through a single device, and an obvious one at that.

(*Continued on next page*)

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GOOD BOOKS

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Fiction

EYES THAT SEE NOT. By E. L. SOUTHWICK. Siebel. 1925. $2.

As a first novel, Mrs. Southwick's performance shows no signs of incipient genius. It seems, rudely to tell the truth of our impression, not very hopeful. Her characters with eyes that see not have also brains which work not, and as such they rant through their respective rôles like so many violent, but unlifelike, abstractions. They are a wild and fearful crew, the constant prey to illicit passions, delirious spasms, moods, and temptations, all of which entail melodramatic conflicts, births out of wedlock, suicide, despair, and murder. 'Tis a tale rich in movie "stuff," or ideal material for serialization in the pictorial dailies, but as anything else it is unintelligible.

ALISON VAIL. By ELIZABETH NEWPORT HEPBURN. Holt. 1926. $2.

Art and honest love are the watchwords of Mrs. Hepburn's respectable Bohemian folk, painters, illustrators, sculptors, who somehow, despite their congenial aversion to the ways of loose living commonly attributed to artists, are a group of dull and serious mediocrities. But there is one exception to their general low average, a struggling sculptor, Hector Trench, a man of talent, lamed in the war, who through Alison's secretly contributed aid gains renown. When this is accomplished, and while Alison has painted numerous portraits of the rich, the two avow their mutual love and are made one. It is a woman's story, pure and simple (extremely so), but the writing, here and there, reveals a graceful ability deserving of more advanced employment.

THE KEEN DESIRE. By FRANK B. ELSER. Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.

Mr. Elser is a newspaper man of varied experience and a first class reporter. Like most newspaper writers he has had a novel in his bag and now it is out. The jacket —not an anonymous jacket but one by Harvey O'Higgins—welcomes Mr. Elser as one for whom a place must be made in the front rank of American writers, and reveals that this book tells "a terrible truth about a terrible reality."

The best quality this first novel has is precisely that of good newspaper reporting. It has an occasional vividness of description, a knack of selection of the details which make for an effective realism. Beyond that, if we can conceive of Mr. Elser deceiving Mr. O'Higgins and satirically drawing Martin Lavery as a type of the shallow adolescent young newspaper man who mistakenly takes himself with enormous seriousness, then the novel is one which can be accepted as a creditable piece of character delineation. But if, as we are led to believe, we must take Martin as one of those young journalistic idealists who yearn to write the truth of life and battle against the powers of publishers' hypocrisy and cowardice, then Mr. Elser has missed his mark. Martin is not the first to discover the realities of the houses of prostitution, the relation of officialdom and town gamblers, the evil-mindness of some reformers, the sordid, often pitiable masks which hide the lives of so many of human kind. These things appear regularly in the newspapers, and Martin need not have despaired of truth finding its way on to newsprint.

Martin's behavior toward women—the good and the not so good—also was that of an adolescent egotist. A great deal of Mr. Elser's book is unnecessarily repugnant on this score. At one point in the novel Martin Lavery himself put aside the thought of writing a book—it would be "morbid, introspective." Martin would have written, then, just such a story as this one. With "The Keen Desire" finished Mr. Elser may go on to produce a novel which his abilities would lead us to expect. A word of praise should be said, however, for a dénoûement extremely well done.

BLACK INCENSE. By *A. M. Williamson*. Doran $2 net.

WHELP OF THE WINDS. By *Rufus King*. Doran. $2 net.

A BRAZILIAN TENEMENT. By *Aluisio Azevedo*. McBride. $3 net.

THE BAT. By *Mary Roberts Rinehart* and *Avery Hopwood*. Doran. $2 net.

LOVE IN GREENWICH VILLAGE. By *Floyd Dell*. Doran. $2 net.

THE TENTS OF JACOB. By *Hyman Cohen*. McBride. $2.50 net.

THE VENGEANCE OF HURRICANE WILLIAMS. By *Gordon Young*. Doran. $2 net.

THE CRATER. By *Robert Gore-Browne*. Doran. $2 net.

TWO OR THREE GRACES. By *Aldous Huxley*. Doran. $2.50.

PRECIOUS BANE. By *Mary Webb*. Dutton. $2.

TREASURE OF THE LAKE. By *H. Rider Haggard*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

INNOCENT BIRDS. By *T. F. Powys*. Knopf. $2.50 net.

THE CONNOISSEUR. By *Walter de la Mare*. Knopf.

THE PEDLAR. By *Guy de Maupassant*. Knopf. $2 net.

THE BREEZE IN THE MOONLIGHT. Translated by *George Soulié de Morant*. Putnam. $2.50.

THE DICE OF GOD. By *Cynthia Stockley*. Putnam. $1.50.

THINGS GREATER THAN HE. By *Luciano Zuccoli*. Holt.

THE SPLENDID RASCAL. By *George Challis*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

THE NEST. By *Anne Douglas Sedgwick*. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50.

HONK. A Motor Romance. By *Doris F. Holman*. Stokes. $2.

COPY 1926. Selected by various authors. Introduction by *Dorothy Scarborough*. Appleton. $2.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S NOTEBOOK. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

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GOD AND TONY HEWITT. By *Albert Kinross*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

THE HUNDREDTH SHEEP. A Story. A Life. New York: The Chauncey Holt Co.

FLAPPER ANNE. By *Corra Harris*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

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CHIMES. By *Robert Herrick*. Macmillan. $2.

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RED SOIL. By *L. E. Gielgud*. Doubleday, Page. $2.

RELUCTANTLY TOLD. By *Jane Hullyer*. Macmillan. $2.

THE OLD HOME TOWN. By *Rupert Hughes*. Harper. $2.

DUSK OF DAY. By *Catherine Clark*. Seltzer. $2.

THE WINDY HILL. By *Jennings Perry*. Simon & Schuster. $2.

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THE PAINTED STALLION. By *Hal G. Evarts*. Little, Brown. $1.75.

MR. BOTTLEBY DOES SOMETHING. By *E. Temple Thurston*. Doran. $2.

ADVENTURE'S BEST STORIES 1926. Edited by *Arthur S. Hoffman*. Doran. $2.

WHEN YESTERDAY WAS YOUNG. By *Isla May Mullins*. Doran.

THE ORDER OF THE OCTOPUS. By *Sydney Horler*. Doran. $2.

ORDEAL BY MARRIAGE. By *Concordia Merrel*. Doran. $2.

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THE CABALA. By *Thornton Niven Wilder*. A. & C. Boni. $2.50.

SELECTED RUSSIAN SHORT STORIES. Chosen and Translated by *A. E. Chamot*. Oxford University Press. 80c.

FLETCHER'S MAGIC. By *Norman H. Watson*. Boni & Liveright. $2.

SNOWSHOE AL'S BED TIME STORIES. By *Albert J. Bromley*. Chicago: The Contributor's Guild.

THE FINAL COUNT. By *H. C. McNeile*. Doran. $2.

History

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES SINCE THE CIVIL WAR. By *Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer*. Macmillan. $4.

THE SARIBBEE ISLANDS UNDER THE PROPRIETARY PATENTS. By *James A. Williamson*. Oxford.

COUNCIL AND COURTS IN ANGLO-NORMAN ENGLAND. By *George Burton Adams*. Yale Press. $4.

WHITE SERVITUDE IN PENNSYLVANIA. By *Chessman A. Herrick*. Phila.: John Joseph McVey.

HISTORY AND HISTORICAL PROBLEMS. By *Ernest Scott*. Oxford University Press. $2.

THE ARYANS. By *V. Gordon Childe*. Knopf. $4 net.

THE FUGGER NEWS LETTERS, 1568-1605. Second Series. Edited by Victor von Klarwill. Putnam. $6.

KINGS AND QUEENS OF ANCIENT EGYPT. Scribners. $10.

(*Continued on next page*)

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Trade Winds

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BOOKSELLER

DEAR Mr. "Quercus":

Your article has given me great pleasure, indeed what more could a young bookseller hope for than such a friendly article. I am only too conscious of the manifold shortcomings of the said catalogue but if you can see somewhat of a genuine love for literature underneath a load of stale repetition it is greatly to your credit. I was, before the war (here, you know, the War is a landmark to date everything by) an engineer with an ingrained contempt for all machinery and when the great conflagration broke out it was with a sense of relief that I chucked the whole damned profession overboard and said "Never again." The early days of training were happy days for people like myself. But Mr. C. E. Montague has crystallized all that into splendid prose in "Disenchantment" and this last book "Rough Justice." Coming out after nearly five years of being told what to do, where to go etc., was intoxicating in its sense of freedom but then the reaction set in. For a year I looked around, having no suitable work and one day dropped into an auction sale and spent six pounds (which I could ill afford) on books. I sold them for £12 three weeks later and thought myself to be the Heaven-born bookseller, divinely gifted! My next few months' dabblings cost me (I expect) about £50 and then I decided to go to London and hang around sales, bookshops, etc., for more knowledge. Six more months passed at my sister's house in London and then I began to realize how little I really knew. Then homeward bound and another start from my bedroom in my parents' home. That was four years ago and I have begun to move a little but still have a long way to go. However when I think of my limited resources (it is a great trouble still) my abysmal ignorance of all business training and lack of all knowledge saving literary enthusiasm—well I might have done worse. ("But the Devil did grin. . . . For his darling sin. . . . Is pride which apes humility. . . .") I make very little money but I am independent and enjoy helping people and introducing them to one's own friends in bookland. The great trouble is the way some of my customers have of never paying for about six months. But it is more than compensated by the delightful letters one receives. Of course I want to go to London and am looking for a partner. Tell Jocunda that all she needs is $10,000 and she would have the fun of her life. Of course one wants to *see* America but I am like my elder brother. He went to New York City and held a good post for a few years when he took a mental and emotional stocktaking which showed him that if he stayed any longer it would be for good. So he threw up his post and came home! (He has never been as well-to-do since). You will, I hope, come over here and might even get as far North as Newcastle. *Qui sait?* It is not much of a place but as a Tynesider (not to be confused with a Scotchman by any means), I see a good deal of beauty where strangers miss it. By the way that item of Masters, "Spoon River," was really not so dear, for there were two copies, which works out at £5 each (and you know what James Drake asks for the book). The reason I had to keep them together was because neither I nor anyone else knows which of these two freaks came forth first from the womb of the press. But as a book of *poetry*—pah! Give me Frost or Emily Dickinson every-time. I have tried almost everyone of note from your side but they suit me best, like Hodgson, Bottomley, Davies, Bridges and Hardy over here. I see people are making a lot of fuss about "Lolly Willowes"—very neat and clever like "Lady into Fox" but Lord love us it gets nowhere. "Rough Justice" is more my idea of a fine novel—imagination and depth yet bearing its wisdom lightly. Did you know that there was an E. D. L. of only 100 copies? By the way the reason I missed out Niven from my Scotch writers (and you will notice that I gave his "Justice of the Peace" a line) was because I always think of him as having cast off his nationality in favor of Canada. Am very glad to hear you speak of "Ladies Whose Bright Eyes" which I lend to everybody. I think Hueffer makes a complete fool of himself when he affects to view his early books with contempt. "No More Parades" is not to be compared either with "Ladies" or his share of "Romance." But it is a poor criterion of public taste which does not allow for the effect produced by hysteria and scandal. By the way does Jocunda know Miss Romer Wilson's books—"The Death of Society"? A friend of mine who is herself one of the best women novelists writing in England considers Wilson to be the novelist's novelist and the best of her sex at that. Certainly it is "some" book and then there is that extraordinary book "The Worm Ouroboros" by Eddison—but it is 12:40 a. m., and I must stop. You can have no idea of the pleasure one gets from the generous appreciation you have given. I will not try to say more lest I become fullsome.

Yours very truly

ARTHUR ROGERS.

Age 33. Middle class education and parentage a mixture of Cornish and Tyneside with just a touch of Irish. Amusements and interest—Walking, a Pipe, Chamber Music, Yarning with one's friends and Dramatic Repertory work *also* Association Football.

March 30, 1926.
46, Handyside's Arcade,
Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

It was a delight to get this letter from Mr. Rogers and I hope I haven't betrayed his confidence by printing it. Jocunda says she's going over to see him. Booksellers, autobiographies always welcome here.

P. E. G. QUERCUS.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Nature

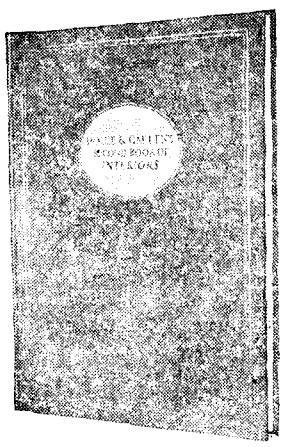
THE MEADOWS. By JOHN C. VAN DYKE. Scribner. 1926. $2.

THE LONE SWALLOWS. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. Dutton. 1926. $2.50.

THE CRIERS OF THE SHOPS. By SHERLOCK BRONSON GASS. Marshall Jones. 1926.

Havelock Ellis, with a good many others, no doubt has said that "the poets who describe nature most minutely and most faithfully are not usually the great poets." Not even, he might have added, the great nature poets. Perhaps that is why Professor Van Dyke's admirable studies in the flora and fauna of the Raritan Valley seem so much less close to truly living things than Mr. Williamson's far slighter vignettes of the English countryside. Though "The Lone Swallows" is filled with birds and animals and farming terms unfamiliar to many Americans, though it teems with efts and shippens and rispings, yet it comes to us with a significant simplicity and charm because Mr. Williamson writes, or rather etches, with a pen like a burin, singularly sweet and telling. Perhaps the proof of this lies in the fact that his American fellow lover of the land is at his best when, incorrigibly, he becomes again the critic of man-made things and tells us that few artists, not Rembrandt, not even Corot and Constable, could draw a plausible tree. Both books are well within the tradition of the great naturalistic essayists. It is only that the quiet beauty shown us by this worthy disciple of the late Richard Jefferies is somehow transfigured by his vision, while the familiar essays of the other man do not rise above the level of unobjectionable and excellent reporting.

Primarily, Mr. Gass, another academic gentleman, is concerned with literature and art rather than with things growing. But he is a great believer in meditation upon his more mundane problems amidst what he considers to be the sanative influences of nature. He even gives us a story or two in this volume to show how strong those influences, and how profoundly important those meditations may be. It may be gathered that he does not approach modern tendencies lightly in these essays; he is conscious that most readers will turn away, and that his place is indeed far removed from that of the commercial criers of the shops about whom he is writing. He is a man of many convictions, and they are those of a scholar and an aristocrat; most of them are far older than the Maine rocks among which he sits thinking, but it is with all sincerity that the old arguments are rehearsed and the old objections offered. Mr. Gass approaches his subject in a remarkable manner, beginning almost anywhere, and creeping slowly upon it through a diverse and complicated discussion, as though he sought to take it by surprise, but upon reaching it at last he will decide it abruptly on some *parti pris* or idealistic basis. Disturbing, too, is his tendency to build up a powerful thesis only to nullify it by his choice of illustration. Thus Richard Strauss is for him the last word in musical disorder; in poetry, however, he has progressed as far as H. D., and one concludes that there is hope that he may yet gain his degree in Modernity, though high honors in the subject seem beyond his reach. On the whole, his intellectual gymnastics, like Professor Van Dyke's field reports in botany, are more fatiguing than Mr. Williamson's modesty and positive affection for life.



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Points of View

A. H. A.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I think that some of your readers, at least, will be interested in the efforts now being made to develop the scientific and educational service of the American Historical Association. As a necessary means to this end, the Association is asking for an endowment of $1,000,000; but the chief significance of the present movement lies in the growing appreciation, which it implies, of corporate effort in the field of historical scholarship.

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the contributions made by the Association during the past forty years to the equipment of historical workers. Probably no historical periodical, here or abroad, serves the interest of the craft more effectively than the *American Historical Review*. Through this Association, scholars like Osgood, Jameson, and Andrews have worked to enlarge our knowledge of the unedited materials available, in public archives and in private collections, for the reconstruction of our national history. Scarcely less important has been the work of correlating, and, through annual conferences, making more effective the activities of state and local historical societies. Without such foundations, the work of our best contemporary popularizers, not to speak of the academic historians, would have been quite impossible.

The kind of work which the Association has already done must of course be continued and improved. With rising costs for paper, printing, and clerical service, this in itself demands a much larger income than is now available. In some directions important work has been curtailed or postponed. The members of the Association, however,—and this applies especially to the younger men,—are increasingly conscious of new responsibilities. Without disparaging the admirable work which has been, and always will be, done by scholars working on individual lines, the corporate factor in scholarship will certainly be increasingly important. This will be true not only in providing the apparatus of scholarship, but also in the organization of research, through surveys of work already done, the indicating of gaps which need to be filled, and the enlistment of workers for such tasks. There is reason to think also that our historical scholars are going to feel more keenly the need of coöperation with their colleagues in other social sciences. How much might be done, for instance, by providing a proper historical approach to the study of such problems as, let us say, foreign policy, immigration, economic and political sectionalism, or the adjustment of our legal institutions to the changing social order?

If the American Historical Association is to bear its part in such coöperative service, it must receive financial support on a substantially larger scale than can be secured from its active membership—made up, as it is so largely, from the teaching profession. Those who know the record of the Association and have sufficient imagination to appreciate the possibilities of coöperative research on the lines indicated are sure that the cause is one which should appeal to all men of liberal spirit who are interested in the formation of an intelligent public opinion.

EVORTS B. GREENE.

The Artist's Aim

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I differ so radically from the opinion expressed in your article, "The Publisher's Function," that I must of necessity state my objections, with all due apologies, humble deprecations, professions of good intent, etc.

For an artist to permit anyone to make suggestions about his work, least of all a publisher, is as good as committing suicide. He alone knows what the book should be like, for the idea is his own, the product of his own soul; and no matter how hard he may try, he will always fall far short of his aim. How then can anyone, the most sympathetic of mortals, be of help; and when the motives for the suggestions are monetary ones—to make the book more salable—how can he be anything but one of the obstacles for the artist to overcome? In hack writing it is no doubt different. The city editor of the daily can chop up the reporter's story to his heart's content without even a protest, provided the pay cheque be received promptly at the end of the week, but a newspaper sells for two cents and is worth little more. When read, it is used for wrapping lunches or stuffing damp shoes, but the writing on it is forgotten.

Salability is not the first aim of creation, nor the second, nor the third, and as you know, he that seeks to save his life. . . .

JAMES GROSVENOR.

New York.

Kuprin's Translation

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Allow me to correct a slight misstatement in your otherwise excellent review of Kuprin's "Sulamith," which has come to my attention today. Translations of "Sulamith" and "Gambrinus" did not appear the same year, as your review states: "Gambrinus" appeared last year, whereas the present edition of "Sulamith" is dated as of this year; furthermore it is not really a new edition, but merely the same (save for a new title page) as that which was first brought out by Nicholas L. Brown as far back as 1923. And, while the reviewers are almost unanimously praising Kuprin, and some even going to the reckless extent of commenting graciously on my translations (*mirabile dictu!*), it may not be amiss to bestow some credit on Mr. Brown,—one of the few American publishers who "have definitely taken the lead in making Continental European literature known to English-speaking readers," to borrow a phrase from Mr. Boyd, in an article you published. Beside publishing many translations from languages other than Russian, and for which other publishers are now receiving encomia,—translations which are now collectors' items (even in supercilious England),—Mr. Brown has done more than any other publisher, American or British, to make Kuprin known in English. In addition to "Sulamith" he has published Kuprin's greatest novel, and it was really he who commissioned—and paid for—the translation of Gambrinus.

Incidentally, while formerly you have always given me credit as translator, in this instance you have failed to do so. If "Sulamith" truly "shines" and has "lyricism" in its English garb, why not chuck the translator an odd leaf of laurel by at least naming him? And, since Kuprin (who knows English) has been kind enough to write me that he is envious of the perfection of the English version of "Sulamith," I trust it will not be entirely vanity to hope that the slug with my name was dropped accidentally when you were moving back to New York.

BERNARD GUILBERT GUERNEY.

New York.

Hardy Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir:

There may be three possible reasons—probably there are many more—why Thomas Hardy's name has been omitted from the list of Nobel Prize Winners in Literature. These suggestions are open to question and rejoinder but they may be permissible from one who has studied the winners with earnest thought, and question about them and their rival candidates.

First, the age of Thomas Hardy may be a deterrent factor. While he is today recognized as "unchallenged and unchallengeable" among living English writers, this prestige has come tardily; it has been stressed since he reached the four-score mark. Some one will answer that the Nobel Prize has been given to several writers almost as old, or approximately past seventy-five—to Theodor Mommsen, Frederic Mistral, Carl Spitteler, Anatole France, and others. The fact remains, however, that in such cases the awards were often censured because they were testimonials to *finished* work not incentives to *further* writing. The phrase in the will of Alfred Nobel which specified "the work should be done the year previous" was obviously impractical and was given corrective, broad interpretation in the Code of Statutes of 1901. The donor's intent, however, seemed to be an inspiration to further accomplishments in science and literature, as well as an honorable reward for completed work.

Second, another stumbling-block may be that phrase, "for literature of an idealistic tendency." With all tribute to Thomas Hardy's genius, it has manifested itself in novels and poems of fatalistic philosophy rather than "idealistic tendency." Exception might be made of "The Dynasts," the glorious epic with a final note of idealistic surmise, as interpreted by certain critics. Compared with the works of other authors who have been winners, judged by books like "Growth of the Soil," "Penguin Island," "Lonely Lives," or "The Peasants," the fiction and poetry of Thomas Hardy would not seem to merit indifference or discard.

Third, while Mr. Hardy's name has been often suggested during the last five years, his nomination, as far as this writer is informed, has been by individuals or small literary societies. Turning again to the Nobel will, and Code of Statutes, it is decreed that "The right to nominate a candidate for the prize-competition, shall belong to Members of the Swedish Academy and the Academies in France and Spain which are similar to it in constitution and purpose; members of the humanistic classes of other Academies and of those humanistic institutions and societies that are on the same footing as academies, and teachers of æsthetics, literature, and history at universities and colleges." Previous honors to Selma Lagerlöf, Echegaray, Sully-Prudhomme, and Anatole France, by the Academies of their respective countries, may have influenced the preferences of the Nobel Committee at Stockholm. Is there an Academy of similar prestige in England or America to nominate candidate for this award in literature?

ANNIE RUSSEL MARBLE.

Rebuttal

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Mr. Edward Davison's explanation of his animadversion on my use of "Fabian tactics" (in "The Fourth Queen") is even more astonishing than his original slip. He says: "My error was not really due to ignorance. . . . I have to plead the momentary aberration of a harassed reviewer."

Since omniscience is not an attribute of mortality, ignorance is a legitimate excuse for anyone upon occasion. It was good enough for Dr. Johnson. And "aberration" is a legal excuse, I believe. But if Mr. Davison finds the task of a reviewer so harassing as to occasion aberration, surely it would be more prudent of him, simply for his own sake, to find some less hazardous occupation. Every reviewer has to write a review in a hurry once in a while, or even oftener.

Why is my own error—putting the River Avon in place of the Thames . . . "less excusable"? It was an error; the manner in which it happened is rather odd, but doesn't help it now, and would take too long to explain. But it did *not* occur in a book or article devoted to pointing out similar minor errors in the work of some one else. The grammarian shouldn't split his infinitives; it stultifies him altogether.

Mr. Davison remarks further: "I have no doubt that Mrs. Paterson *could* explain the encounter (the Armada battle) in such a way as I would understand. But why didn't she do so in the book?"

Because, in the nature of things, it was impossible to devote the whole book to that one action. And in less space I don't think I could have made it clear—to Mr. Davison. The general reader finds no obscurity in the present version.

And even if I did get him to understand it, a moment of aberration might undo all my labors. He says himself he was "an old member of the Fabian Society, in fact an ex-secretary of the Cambridge University Branch in England," and yet his knowledge of the meaning and origin of the word Fabian simply went blooey when he hurried a little. In such a case, I don't see how anybody can be held responsible for anything that occurs. Which lets us both out. Still, I wonder what Mr. Davison really meant by the phrase "factitiously explicit."

New York. ISABEL PATERSON.

A Theory of Writing

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Miss Alice Carey Jansen's recent letter in regard to my review of Grace Kellogg Griffith's novel "The House" gives me an admirable chance to state one theory of book writing. This is, that books should be literature; and that books that are not cannot be fairly reviewed in a literary magazine. Such novels should be considered more as textbooks than anything else. Miss Jansen admits that "The House" is not literature; outside of that, it should be chiefly of value as an addition to knowledge. It isn't. It suggests no solution of a problem, nor does it state a new problem. Such books, which, no matter how "profound" or "serious" they are, add nothing to the discussion, are really not worth publishing.

As to "Three Kingdoms," it seems that Miss Jansen belittled it with the term "melodrama" because it was somewhat anti-feministic; it shows that the woman's place can be in the home rather than in business; and that the home may be even a better place than the office for some women. It also has some small distinction in its writing, while "The House" must be murdered by the adjective "adequate."

I wish that Mrs. Griffith and Miss Jansen would evolve a solution of the problem instead of writing letters and futile novels about it. For I insist that sociology can have little to do with literature except as a distinctly secondary feature.

EDWARD G. CONKLIN.

Harvard College.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Science

THE NATURAL INCREASE OF MANKIND. By J. SHIRLEY SWEENEY. Baltimore: Willians & Wilkins. 1926. $4.

The present widespread interest in the population problem has led to the production of a flood of books relating in one way or another to the consequences of what Malthus politely termed "the passion of the sexes." Sweeney's book differs from many recent ones in the field in that it makes a definite contribution of new data to the problem, and does not merely reargue the old premises. This book is the outcome of a long and painstaking research on a statistical attribute of populations much discussed in recent years by Raymond Pearl, and called by him the "vital index." It is the ratio of births to deaths in a population, and obviously indicates the rate at which growth is occurring at the time. The author has laboriously calculated this statistic for the populations of all the different countries of the world for which there are available sufficiently accurate and extensive records of births and deaths. He has then submitted these figures to analysis along the lines laid down by the Pearsonian school of biometrics. The net result is to give a general picture of the present biological status of these populations, their trends in the past, and probable future courses.

It is the author's opinion "that there is only one way that nations can avoid the consequences of relative over-population. That is by an international agreement to control numbers—by a *league of stationary populations*. Will it ever become a reality? No one can deny that it is possible. We say to parents: 'Your children must not work' and 'your children must go to school.' Would it be inconceivably absurd to say to them: 'You are at liberty to rear only three or four children' (depending upon the size of the population, mortality forces, etc.)?" Essentially the same idea has been suggested by others, notably Harold Cox. Whether it will ever be realized, except by natural evolutionary processes, seems doubtful.

Not the least important part of this valuable book is the introduction by Dr. William H. Welch, who once more displays his extraordinary versatility and breadth of learning by giving an illuminating account of the historical development of the population problem in relation to economic and biological theories.

MICROSCOPY. By ROBERT M. NEILL. Holt. 1925. $1.

This is an exceedingly elementary book which emphasizes the conspicuous part which the microscope plays in much of our scientific and technical work of the present day. There is included a very brief chapter of the optical principles involved in the compound microscope, and one on the future of microscopy. The general reader would get a fair idea of the scope of microscopy from the book.

Travel

BEYOND THE BALTIC. By *A. MacCallum Scott*. Doran. $4 net.

IN FLORIDA'S DAWN. By *P. D. Gold*. Jacksonville, Fla.: H. & W. B. Drew.

TREES AND SHRUBS OF CALIFORNIA GARDENS. By *Charles Francis Saunders*. McBride. $3 net.

TRAVEL CHARTS AND TRAVEL CHATS. By *Frederick L. Collins*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

FLORIDA ENCHANTMENTS. By *A. W. Dimock*. Stokes. $5.

BLACK SUNLIGHT. By *Earl Rossman*. Oxford University Press. $1.75.

THINGS SEEN ON THE ENGLISH LAKES. By *W. P. Palmer*. Dutton. $1.50.

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(PRINT OUT)

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

TWO OR THREE GRACES. By *Aldous Huxley* (Doran).

DEPENDENT AMERICA. By *William Redfield* (Houghton Mifflin).

THINGS SEEN AND HEARD. By *Edgar J. Goodspeed* (University of Chicago Press).

L. D. W., East Haven, Conn., asks for a choice of one-act plays for amateurs: the only requisite seems to be that they must be funny.

THE first play in "Double Demon and other one-act plays," by Herbert, Sladen Smith, Mayor, and Simpson (Appleton), is one of the most sparkling entertainments I have come upon in some time. When I ran through it in the course of a lecture last year the delight of the audiences convinced me that this would be, if well acted, an ideal play for small stages. A jury is considering its verdict, impeded by the presence among them of a husband and wife constitutionally unable to take the same side on anything. They convert each other as the Wright Brothers are said to have done in their early discussions, leaving the deadlock upside down but otherwise unchanged. How it is resolved and under what unexpected circumstances the curtain descends, I leave for the audience to enjoy. In the same book—one of the British Drama League Series—is "St. Simeon Stylites," by F. Sladen Smith, which the British Drama League has chosen for its participation in the New York Little Theatre Tournament in May. This satiric comedy has a Shavian taste only because anything British and brilliant is bound to taste something like Shaw. Its hero is more like the pillar saint in Anatole France's "Thais" than a strictly theological figure: on a platform high above the city, he is visited by a pilgrim, a king, a lady no better than she should be and much prettier, and the prince in whose interests they are tempting him to descend—the devil, of course. The reason why he stays is a flash of insight into human nature: if the producer has the courage of his convictions in the matter of scenery and lighting, and if, according to the author's directions, he carefully avoids realism, this should be a success of the type that brightened the first seasons of the Washington Square Players in the old Bandbox.

Christopher Morley's "Rehearsal" is surefire fun and very easy to give: so is Miss Millay's "Two Slatterns and a King;" both are in the series of Appleton's Short Plays in paper covers, and some of the recent additions to this series read as if they would act well. "The Flattering Word," by George Kelly (Little, Brown), is more than funny, though it is all of that: it appeals to any sort of audience and in printed form gives lasting pleasure. Based on the universal truth that the one statement certain to please is "I thought you were on the stage," it sees through one of our dearest delusions without poking holes through it.

A book of interest to amateur actors lately published by Appleton is "The Art of Make-up," by Helena Chalmers, detailed and practical, with pictures that make its points even clearer.

Here's a Macedonian outcry. Mme. A. G., in Simbirsk, Russia, on the Volga River, wants to keep hens. In fact, she is now keeping ten of them, who notwithstanding the cold are giving her a few eggs. She needs a popular book on poultry-keeping, suitable for this climate, and for the nurture of about fifty hens under the simplest conditions. The request is relayed by A. E. B., New York, and the books have gone by mail, but the advice will be useful to other readers of this section.

THE best little book on poultry-keeping in the climate of the northern New England States, approximately that of Simbirsk, is "Poultry," written by Professor A. W. Richardson, head of the poultry department of the University of New Hampshire, and published by Harper in their handbook series at $1.50. She needs also an up-to-date English Grammar in a teacher's edition, for her classes in a school of languages now far enough along to receive English grammar lessons in English. Teacher's College, to whose faculty this matter was referred, reply that one of their instructors who had had much experience in teaching English to foreign adults, recommends "Grammar to Use," by Lewis and Lynch (Winston), saying that it is by far the best grammar so far published for this purpose.

G. G., New York City, preparing a paper on juvenile delinquency, asks which book will give him plenty of data.

"THE YOUNG DELINQUENT," by Cyril Burt (Appleton), at this writing the latest contribution to this large and growing literature, provides for student, teacher, parent, or anyone to whom the interests of children are dear, not only documentation but an example of the frame of mind and heart in which to approach it. This is the first of a series of three books on the child of subnormal mentality: the others present cases of backward and of unstable children, respectively intellectually and emotionally under par. This study of the child whose moral character is subnormal is the result of wide experience and an open mind, and the conclusions reached through these cases are none the less valuable when applied to the study of youth in general. "The Revolt of Modern Youth," by Ben B. Lindsey and Wainwright Evans (Boni & Liveright), is based on the experience and blazes with the ideas of Judge Lindsey. This, too, is applicable to society at large.

H. O. R., Jersey City, N. J., asks for post-war guide books or records of travel in Ireland.

"HERE'S IRELAND," by Harold Speakman (Dodd, Mead), is a literally "rambling" narrative: he traverses the island with the aid of a "wee horse" whose long grey ears and wise countenance beam on the beholder from the frontispiece. What he sees and hears is set down less in story form than in vignettes: their pictorial quality matches the illustrations, which are from paintings by the author not so brilliant as those in his Chinese book, but as sympathetic. This is one of the travel books that make me convinced that there will be a hole in my life until I go to this place: a good travel book should do this, I think.

The same firm that publish all those "beautiful" books, about Maine, Vermont, and other states ("Old America"), have lately issued a new Wallace Nutting volume of lovely photographic views, called "Ireland Beautiful." A favorite book for the guidance of the leisurely traveler in Ireland, Clifton Johnson's "The Land of Shamrock," has lately been brought back into print by Macmillan in a new format.

G. W. P., *Los Angeles, Cal., strongly recommends* to the man without definite religious affiliations but beginning to take a strong interest in personal religion, Harry Emerson Fosdick's "Modern Use of the Bible" (Macmillan), and Dean Inge's "Personal Religion and the Life of Devotion" (Longmans), saying of the latter "in fewer than one hundred pages it expresses, as only genius can, the loftiest of present-day religious ideals as held by a most advanced thinker."

P. F., New York City, asks on behalf of a foreign-born friend whose English is yet shaky if there is a book of set speeches that he can use as a guide, as he is often called upon to speak at banquets.

E. J. CLODE'S series of dollar hand-books include one called "Speeches," and another "Toasts and Anecdotes," by Paul Kearney, that might be useful. In the first there are sample speeches of various kinds. But before putting your trust altogether upon them, read "To the Ladies," by Kaufman and Connelly, and see what may happen if two men memorize the same speech.

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Spring Song

At last, the long and heartily hoped-for time has arrived. The sun shine. The air has that "snap" which is so invigorating. People wor ordinarily ride five blocks are now walking a mile. The housekeeper, so I am told, is getting ready to perform the annual rite known as "spring cleaning." New advertising posters for spring appear. There is a bibliography of spring books, although such a list is not entirely necessary inasmuch as any good book is appropriate at any time of the year.

* * * *

There is no doubt that certain topics are more popular during this period than others; travel, for instance. Those persons who take part in the annual spring exodus are anxious to find out many things about the places to which they are going and those of us who stay at home do dour spring traveling vicariously in the land of literature. The garden, too, is getting attention and many horticulturists, amateur and professional, turn to the printed page for information as to new ways and means of developing the soil.

* * * *

But there are still thousands of people who sit and moan because they too cannot go abroad, and who do not realize that there are many of us who have been in new and sometimes strange places without ever having left, not the armchair by the fire, but the wicker chair or the hammock on the porch. There are just as many who, living in cities where gardening is impossible, derive a great deal of pleasure from the work of those who so vividly portray in type the growing of flowers.

* * * *

I feel that it is the duty of all of us who do know these pleasures to tell the uninitiated where they may be had. We owe it to ourselves and to those persons who have given us our literature, to perform the necessary introductions.

* * * *

The *Saturday Review of Literature* will interest you and help them; and you will find that the bookmen and women who are members of the *American Booksellers' Association* will be happy to aid in choosing spring and summer reading.

ELLIS W. MEYERS,
Executive Secretary, American Booksellers' Association.

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The Phoenix Nest

OUTSIDE my window a robust gentleman is crying strawberries (I write this in early May) in a not unmelodious voice; thereby, through his very intonation, persuading me that there is something of immediate importance in my choice, *pro* or *con*, of a new box of fresh strawberries. Of course, there is not; any more than there actually is in my choice of a new book. Yet I would the purveyors of books cried their wares thus through the city streets. I would that heralds went forth in parti-coloured tabards, followed by a parade of white chargers surmounted by extremely pretty girls scattering announcements of new books to the cheering populace, perhaps flinging sample copies to all and sundry. There would be pith and spice in the comments along the curb. "Fall Announcements" would assume a proper gala air. A circus show of tinsel and tulle, the blare of silver and golden trumpets! I wish that the opening of the Spring and Fall publishing seasons had days of carnival set apart for the broaching of vintage (surely the juice of the grape has become a soft drink!), for feast and public street dances, for a fanfare of general jollity. This might cure us somewhat of taking books so seriously.

Strawberries are an appetizing and nutritious fruit. There is nothing better than the strawberry in its proper season, properly served. But we do not live for strawberries. Yet many of the present day do live for books; they cannot adjust or conduct their *lives without printed precedent. It is like* to become a disease. Not that there should be no books. That is not my suggestion. I have no desire to imitate King Cnut's disastrous conversation with the sea. Not that there should be less books; for every day the tide sets in more and more strongly; but that books should cease in a measure to be so our masters, and we so far their slaves.

Philosophically considered, it is extremely odd that the convoluted nervous substance in the skulls of vertebrates should be subject to inflammation because the sensitive jelly of the organ of sight secretes certain intimations from a certain arrangement of indentations of potent nigritude upon a smoothed and blanched fibrous warp and woof. This is, if calmly considered, a fantastic absurdity. Yet the intimations so secreted have the uncanny power of strongly affecting whole acreages of human motor forces in action. Words put on pages, pages bound into books, books popped into colored jackets,—and forth every season scatter by *tens and hundreds of thousands, nay mil*lions, packages of potential balm, potential poison, potential dynamite,—and all due to the intense seriousness with which the average person regards the printed page. I have asked for holiday at such season, for days of feast and dance, for intense if hectic jollity, to make us forget, if but for an hour, how extremely potent—due to our craven countenance—are such forces sent abroad as, say, this season's array of novels.

Why *do* we take books so seriously; why do we so often leave a book as we so often leave the theatre, unconsciously mimetic at once of the characteristics of certain appealing types we have encountered between stamped and dyed covers? Why are we always saying of so and so, "He is a regular such-and-such!" naming a popular fictional character, or "She is a veritable this-and-that, for sure!" indicating another.

And then—people's theories; these "significant" novels that we all read,—of what are they truly significant save of a peculiar complex of inclinations on the part of the author? Either we know the tragic and universal situation beforehand, with which such books deal, or we had better remain unaware of it, in blissful idiocy, as long as possible. Along comes life with a bludgeon sooner or later—! And if a panacea for one of the universal ills with which our "significant" novelists are so intrigued *is* ever offered by them, it is sure to be but a doubtful panacea. Better a stalled ox where love is! I am aware that I misquote.

If you think that I am merely trying to be humorous I assure you that the increasing appetite of the new America for books has filled me with gibbering alarm. Today is a day of quotation marks, if it is not a day of asterisks. More than ever before, the gullible human race is seeking precept and example on the printed page. The precepts and examples furnished, in themselves, are sufficient to wreck civilization as we know it.

Well, why not wreck civilization? Any cries of "Yes, yes!" But, why not? Why not refuse to read, why not resist the Book Menace, which Mr. Robert W. Chambers could paint, as he has painted other menaces, in so much more striking and hideous detail than I? Why not, with old Walt, return to live with the animals?

Now the great revelation! *It would be dull;* it would—I fear—become insufferably dull. We need not go to the length of imagining a Bertrand Russell on all fours in a field, endeavoring to masticate properly a cud of grass and clover, to realize just how strange a world it would be without books. No, the only thing to do with books is to treat them with proper healthy carelessness. So many famous essayists have by now sung the praises of books, so many clever writers have fawned upon them and scratched their old scuffed leather or new cloth backs, that books have become insufferably spoiled. Samuel Butler saw the coming domination of man by the machine. I see the haughty tyranny of books over man as almost an accomplished fact. At night I have nightmares of the last man in the world alone in a field and pursued furiously by several fat octavo volumes. The man is overtaken, the great books pounce—but the nightmare has been vivid as to particulars, which I will spare you.

Spank books occasionally, kick them around the room, refuse to be bullied by them. Shout them down, yell "I don't believe it at all!" and "Pooh! Pooh!" and "Idiotic! Preposterous!" This may seem harsh treatment, unworthy of your better *nature; but steel yourself to resist their* invasion of your home and office as oracular guides, philosophers, and friends. They are not any such thing! If you give them any leeway they will get you by the scruff of the neck and shake the soul out of your body. They will divorce you from sympathy with your human relations and friends. They will give you eyestrain, and send you to Dr. Bates. They will cause your home to fall into disrepair and your important affairs to suffer confusion. Your personality will become a patchwork of fictional personalities. You will come to quiver with nervousness at sight of a new package from the publisher. The whole truth: *you simply cannot live up to them!* But you will try, poor fool,—you will try!

It has taken a year, but I have at last freed myself from the insidious domination of books. Today when I enter my study my coming is preluded by a loud rustle as the volumes cringe together upon the shelves. I fling my hat and stick carelessly upon the table and light a cheroot with a flourish. Then I sink into a deep Morris chair. I clap my hands. *"You! Commere!"* With a scrambling rush the latest novel detaches itself from its row on the shelf and slides trembling to the floor. It staggers over to me, palpitates with fear. It blenches and quivers before me on the carpet, seeking to hide its miserable hands in its front matter. *"Well!"* I bawl. It hops agitatedly to my knee. Then, making a terrifying gesture as if I would tear its cover glueing from its back, I open it with a rending motion. I assume my monocle and a lofty indifference. I settle back superciliously to read——.

Remember! It is the only way to handle them. They do not appreciate kindness. The adulation of bibliophiles, which has so accumulated through our book-ridden ages, they have come to despise. Now I am their master. I crack the whip, they cringe. So be it with all of you; stand your ground,—be men and women! Farewell.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

Vol. IX of Charles Evan's "American Bibliography" has made its appearance, and is being delivered to subscribers at $25 a copy. This work is a chronological dictionary of all books, pamphlets and periodical publications printed in what is now the United States of America from the genesis of printing in 1639 to and including the year 1820. The present volume covers the years 1793 and 1794, and it is apparent that several volumes more must be issued to cover the increased printing activity of the beginning of the last century. The new volume is much more complete than its predecessors, many discoveries of titles having been made since the last volume was published several years ago. The work is privately printed for the author at the University of Chicago Press.

In the recent Chiesa sale at the American Art Galleries a Persian illuminated manuscript brought the high price of $14,000. This manuscript was written about 1550, and contains the complete works in verse of the Persian poet Djami, and is still preserved in the original Oriental binding. The manuscript is written in Persian characters.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

AUTOGRAPHS SELL WELL

BOOKS and autographs from the libraries of Isidore Braggiotti of Brookline, Mass., Emanuel Hertz of this city, and the late Col. James H. Manning of Albany, N. Y., were sold at the Anderson Galleries April 26, 237 lots bringing $19,308.50. Prices generally were good, occasionally very high prices were realized. The highest price, $2,700, was paid for a letter written by Abraham Lincoln to Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania just before the attack on Fort Sumter, perhaps the shortest letter ever written by Lincoln on a great occasion. It contained only eleven words: "I think the necessity of being *ready* increases—Look to it." It exhibits in a remarkable degree the preparedness of the newly elected president for the war which was so soon to engage his remaining years of life, but also the quietness and calm with which he tells his friend —the governor of Pennsylvania that the time is at hand to be "*ready*."

Other important lots and the prices realized were the following:

Browning (Robert). Manuscript of the Introduction to "Pippa Passes," 6pp., royal 8vo. $600.

Byron (Lord). A. L. S. 2 pp., 4to, Seaham-Stockton on Tees, February 7, 1815. mentioning songs for "Hebrew Melodies." $210.

Dickens (Charles). A. L. S. 2 pp., 8vo, Furnivals Inn, n. d. mentioning "Pickwick." $295.

Franklin (Benjamin). A. L. S. 1 p., 4to, Philadelphia, November 28, 1763, a fine friendly letter. $320.

Johnson (Dr. Samuel). A. L. S. 2 pp., 4to, Litchfield, October 16, 1784. A letter written about his health two months before his death. $200.

Porter (William Sydney). Manuscript of "A Fog in Santone," 22 8vo sheets, written on one side only. $450.

Porter. Manuscript of "An Unfinished Story," 30 8vo sheets, with O. Henry signature in upper left hand corner of the first page. $1,000.

Listz (Franz). Manuscript signed comprising title and 12 pp. folio of music score entitled "Vom Fels zum Meer." $205.

Rubens (Sir Peter Paul). A. L. S. 2 pp. folio, July 6, 1628. $340.

Hancock (John). Broadside signed, 1 p. folio, Boston, September 14, 1768. Original call for the first independent convention in America. $130.

Lincoln (Abraham). Broadside of the Emancipation Proclamation, 1 p. folio. The very rare official proclamation. $145.

German Emperors. A collection of 44 historical letters and documents signed by the emperors of Germany beginning with Frederick IV (born 1415) and closing with William II. Inlaid to large folio, bound by Reviere. $480.

Presidents of U. S. The White House gallery of official portraits extra illustrated by the insertion of an A. L. S., D. S. or L. S. of each president from Washington to Coolidge, folio, morocco, n.p., 1901. $600.

Lincoln (Abraham). A. L. S. 1 p., 8vo, Washington, March 13, 1865, to General Grant. $380.

Randolph (John). "Considerations on the Present State of Virginia," 12mo, sheets, Williamsburg, 1774. Presentation copy from the author with inscription on title. $1,075.

THE CLAWSON CATALOGUE

PART I of the catalogue of the John L. Clawson collection of Elizabethan and Early Stuart rarities, containing 524 lots, to be sold at the Anderson Galleries May 20 and 21, has just come from the press. It is a handsome volume 6¾ by 10¾ inches, the cataloguing and printing together making a bibliographical work of the first importance. Mr. Mitchell Kennerley has written the foreword. He calls attention to the unique character of this library. Mr. Kennerley says:

"One could compile a list of the great English and American collectors of English literature from the books in this collection. There is hardly a volume which has not been enriched by the bookplate of one or more of them or by the autograph or by a note which has been identified by Mr. De Ricci. Mr. Clawson bought his first book in this catalogue, the Second Folio of Shakespeare, in 1914, and his last purchase in 1923 was Nicholas Breton's "The Pilgrimage to Paradise." Since Mr. De Ricci's catalogue was published in 1924 the books have been stored in a vault, while Mr. Clawson has traveled, and he has decided that others should be given an opportunity to acquire them. It is an opportunity that may never recur on anything like the present scale."

WILL NOT INTERFERE

THERE has been a movement in some sections in Great Britain recently to prevent the growing practice of wealthy Americans purchasing historic manuscripts, art works and buildings in England for exportation to the United States. The most recent measure was introduced into the House of Commons last February by Sir Henry Slesser, who particularly mentioned the case of Warwick Priory, which was purchased by Alexander W. Weddell, the materials of which were taken from the priory to be used in a reproduction near Richmond, Va., of Sulgrave Manor, the English home of George Washington's ancestors. When interrogated in the House of Commons in regard to the policy of the government, Chancellor of the Exchequer Churchill, said the government would decline to consider placing an export duty upon works of art, or to appoint a commission to examine the question of the drain of historical objects from the country to other lands. Chancellor Churchill said the question had been investigated by a committee under Lord Curzon in 1915 and there was no cause for further inquiry or action.

NOTE AND COMMENT

BENJAMIN W. BURGER, Woolworth Building, New York City, is gathering material for a biography of Henry George and will be glad to have the opportunity to examine any letters, manuscripts, speeches, etc., by or pertaining to Mr. George which readers of *The Saturday Review* may be willing to submit to him.

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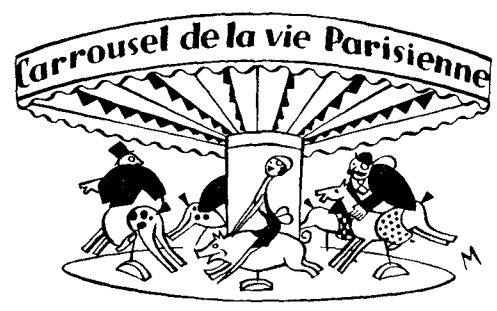

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